

SEX NOVEL "CANDY" WAS IT PUBLISHED AS PARIS PORNOGRAPHY?

PDC

A SIR! Book Review

SIR!

OCTOBER • 60¢

Exclusive:

Story and photos of the

TOPLESS

SWIMSUIT CRAZE

**THE DIAMOND GARTER
DAYS OF BURLESQUE**

Ray Hibbeler tells of the
wacky era of burly when
Diamond-Studded Garters
were a girl's best friend

THE AMAZING METS

They're the fink
ball club of all time
BUT ALSO baseball's
greatest box office
attraction!

**THE REDOUBTABLE
PEGGY LEE**

ERICA HUBEK • MODEL WITH A FUTURE



Buy Below Wholesale



JEWELLED

CALENDAR WATCH \$2³³

Swiss movement. Beautiful styling. Tells time and date, too. Sweep second hand, gift case, stainless-steel back, water resistant, and antimagnetic. METAL EXPANSION BAND 11 1/2"



4-TRANSISTOR TAPE RECORDER \$6⁷⁰

Complete with powerful built-in dynamic speaker. Records—Plays Back—Erases—Rewinds. Includes microphone, battery, tape, reels, etc.



ELECTRIC RAZOR \$1⁷⁰

Product of Swiss craftsmanship. Shaped to shave the heaviest beard. Maker guarantees for 2 full years. With cord, head guard and brush.



DOGGIE RADIO \$3¹⁰

Soft cuddly pup has transistor radio cleverly concealed inside. Nose is control button. Luxurious leather-like vinyl coat.

Fabulous 2-Piece KNIT SUIT ONLY \$4⁵⁰

Fine wool. Beautifully tailored abroad.

DERRINGER PISTOL \$5⁹⁹



Beautiful blued finish. Double barrel fires two shots. Product of West Germany's precision craftsmanship.

- Short cut plan guides you step by step
- Previous experience unnecessary
- Start without investment in merchandise
- Start anywhere—city, town, rural area



I SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO
—HOW TO DO IT

B. L. Mellinger, Jr., Famous World Trader, says: "I reveal secrets of import-export that have made a fortune for me. My plan gives you hundreds of overseas suppliers—opportunities for thousands of exciting imports."

Send no money! Do not order products from us

Plan shows where you get buys like these for big profit sales. Prices shown are direct from suppliers abroad. Put coupon in mail today!

START YOUR OWN BIG PROFIT HOME IMPORT BUSINESS with DAZZLING BARGAINS LIKE THESE...

AMAZING NEW PLAN STARTS YOU FAST

Thousands of amazing import bargains can lead you to opportunities far beyond your wildest dreams. Start now at home, spare or full time. Cash in now without previous experience or capital investment. Pocket cash even before ordering merchandise! Sparkling imports bring first day profits. Beginners—make your first import transaction 10 minutes after you receive my drop ship plan. Bargains go fast to stores, premium users, to friends and others.

... And, these are only a few of the hundreds of import bargains you can get to make fantastic profits of 200% and more... here are examples of other high profit imports:

BLACK FOREST CLOCK	\$.83	TEAMWOOD CRIST	\$.50
ELECTRIC TRAP SET	1.50	WHODUNKER JACKET	1.40
CIGARETTE LIGHTER	.21	STAR SAPPHIRE RING	6.00
ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE	1.50	ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER	1.37
BORN MOVIE PROJECTOR	2.80		

Products subject to availability, price fluctuations

Rush Coupon for FREE BOOK!

The Mellinger Co., Dept. M103A
1554 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Send Free Book "How to Import and Export" showing how I can start a business of my own and make big profits. Show me how I can get bargains like these and thousands more direct from overseas suppliers.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

How to
IMPORT
AND
EXPORT

GET DETAILS
ABOUT

8 FREE
IMPORTS

FACTS SENT
FREE

MELLINGER CO., Dept. M103A, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, 90025

"Imagine Me Making \$3 to \$5 an Hour in My Spare Time... Fixing Electric Appliances!"

Do you realize that FOUR HUNDRED MILLION appliances are in use right now in American homes — and that these are increasing by the millions every year? No wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour — in spare time or full time! FREE BOOK tells how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.

STOP AND THINK for a minute about your present job and future. Are you making enough money? Are you happy in your work? Can you bank on a steady income — in good times or bad?

Now you can have the answer to these money and job worries, once and for all. Get in "on the ground floor" of a booming industry — servicing electrical appliances. The coming of the auto created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now it's happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in it!

Why the Boom in Appliances Means Money in Your Pocket

In addition to the 400 MILLION appliances already in use, this year alone will see sales of 76 million new appliances! For example, 4,750,000 coffee makers, 2,000,000 room air conditioners, 1,425,000 clothes dryers. A nice income awaits the man who can service

such appliances. That man can be you! Even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now, you can soon be making \$3 to \$5 an hour in your spare time.

The NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances tells you everything you need to know, right from the basic fundamentals about electricity. And your training will cost less than 20¢ a day.

Your Skill Always in Demand — "Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. Once word gets around that you are trained to service them properly, you'll have plenty of work.

You need only the few basic tools that you may already have — and an Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work in a corner of your basement or garage. If you like, you can open your own shop. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances. Mail coupon for Free Book telling how you can "cash in" on the big opportunities open.



EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this

APPLIANCE TESTER Yours—AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in home wiring; measure electricity used by appliance; many other uses.

With this Tester you make time and money while by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

Our 24-page Free Book tells about America's "Electrical Appliance Boom" — how we train you to "cash in" on it. Free Sample Lesson shows how simple our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future. Mail coupon to National Radio Institute, Dept. 704-104, Washington 9, D.C. (No obligation—and no salesman will call on you.)



Earn \$510 in One Month's Spare Time

"In one month I took in approximately \$510 of which \$10 was clear. I work only part time. I do a lot of service calls on ranges, fridges, and other major appliances. The NRI course has been priceless to me." — Earl Rose, RFD 1, Thompson, Ohio



His Business a Success

"Since taking your course I have opened up a small repair shop. As a result I am enjoying the time on a scale none in growing it will be a very short time before I will develop my full time in the shop." — J. G. Strawn, 1186 Fretzville St., Long Beach, Cal



More Than Doubled Cost of Course

"Had previously no knowledge of repair work. Now I can turn almost all my spare time and day off, with more and more work coming in. Have my shop in basement. I have more than doubled amount training cost me." — John D. Price, 177 N. Fulton, Brainerd, Minn

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE Dept. 704-104, Washington 9, D.C.

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON, so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call on me.

Name (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address

CITY State Zip
Accredited Member National Home Study Council

SIR!

CONTENTS

	10	
"CANDY"	A SIR! BOOK REVIEW By GEORGE T. MILLER	
	This sex novel . . . was it once published as <i>Porn pornography</i> ?	
	14	
ADRIAN B. LOPEZ	THE CALL OF THE COO COO	JAMES HUDSON
Editor-in-Chief	When Jeffery whistled, his bird girl answered—and gave herself with abandon.	
	17	
ARDIS SANDEL	ERICA, "EUREKA!" ERICA	
Editor	"Men I collect. Much better than Rose Chip stocks," says model Erica.	
	22	
ROBERT S. CALDWELL	THE TOPLESS SWIMSUIT CRAZE	HANK REEVES
Executive Editor	Once it was Rappole sitting, then eating goldfish, then punty raids. Now it's the topless swimsuit craze.	
	26	
GERALD REPP	TWO FEET IN IVIE'S BAR	CARL DAMON
Art Director	You can always be sure of getting a good story with your drink at Ivie's bar.	
	28	
BURT LOEWENSTEIN	THE REDOUBTABLE PEGGY LEE	CHARLES McHARRY
RONALD REGGIO	After 25 years in the business, velvet-voiced Peggy Lee is still the best White jazz singer around.	
Art Editors		
	32	
JAY BURTIS	JUDY MADISON: A NEW GIRL IN THE OLD TOWN	
Advertising Manager	When beautiful blonde Judy arrived in Las Vegas, she was an immediate standout.	
	40	
	BONANZA IN BOOTLEG SCOTCH	H. C. SEMPLE
	All you need is a boat and map to go after the booze thrown overboard by rum runners during Prohibition.	
	44	
	THE AMAZING METS	CLYDE HIRT
	They're the fish ball club of all time, but also baseball's greatest box office attraction!	
	48	
	THE DIAMOND GARTER BURLESQUE DAYS	RAY HIBBELER
	In 1950, 10¢ bought a hot act and a chance to catch the star's garter.	
	50	
	MAURINE GAFFNEY IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL OF FUN	
	Singer, dancer, actress, model, Maurine likes to be a pal to men.	
	54	
	NEW BREED OF TREASURE HUNTER	MILTON G. LAMBERT
	Latest craze is a simple electronic device to locate gold or other metal objects buried in earth or sand.	
	56	
	12 "SUBTLE" WAYS TO TELL IF YOUR WIFE IS UNFAITHFUL	DR. IRWIN ROSS

SIR!

is published 10 times a year, monthly except June and December, by Volitant Publishing Corp., at 21 West 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Editorial, art and advertising offices at 21 West 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at Sparta, Illinois. Single copy price 50 cents; yearly subscription \$6.00. The publishers will handle all submitted manuscripts with care, but such material must be accompanied by sufficient return postage and is submitted at the author's own risk. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright 1964 by Volitant Publishing Corp. October, 1964, Vol. 21, No. 2

FEATURES

INSIDE SIR!	5
DEAR SIR!	8
NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN	9
STRICTLY G.I.: BILL KREH	31
SIR! JOKES FOR PLAYTIME	39
SIR! CARTOON OF THE MONTH	43
GUYS, DOLLS AND LIBIDOS	46



RICHARD RICHFIELD is a young artist whose work deftly illustrates "The Call of the Coo Coo" (page 14). Born in San Francisco, Dick's interest in art dates back to grammar school. He worked in various factories and parking lots to finance an art school course in illustration, and graduated in 1955.

In New York since 1957, Dick's busy career includes doing spot drawings, layouts, magazine illustrations and pocketbook covers.

"New Breed of Treasure Hunter" (page 54) comes to us from public relations man MILT LAMBERT. While still in high school Milt began writing features for the old Boston Post; then the nation's 4th largest morning daily. During World War II Milt became a Naval air cadet and continued to write for the paper back home. After his release four years later he became aviation and science editor of the paper. He started free-lancing in 1947.

Milt lives in Lexington, Mass., with his wife, two young daughters, a dog, parakeet and canary. He loves to fish in the lakes and streams of the near-by White Mountains, or for school tuna and striped bass off the coast. His neighbors (mostly electronic engineers, research scientists, nuclear physicists and university profs) consider him a bit eccentric for his habit of carousing around the neighborhood on a bicycle.

Free-lance writer H. C. SEMPLE, whose hobby is "running around finding article ideas" [also girl-watching] is the author of the interesting "Bonanza in Bootleg Scotch" (page 40). H. C.'s varied career has included working as a carpenter, electrician, plumber and bricklayer, and making "vomit bags" for Pan Am. He spent two years at a radio station in Georgia, doing everything from "mopping the floor to news editing."

H. C. then came to New York and became senior [and junior] writer for a news syndicate (the outfit boasted only one writer). He's also edited automotive and men's magazines.

H. C.'s 35, was married but is now having a great time free-lancing romantically.



RICHARD RICHFIELD is a young artist whose work deftly illustrates "The Call of the Coo Coo" (page 14). Born in San Francisco, Dick's interest in art dates back to grammar school. He worked in various factories and parking lots to finance an art school course in illustration, and graduated in 1955.

In New York since 1957, Dick's busy career includes doing spot drawings, layouts, magazine illustrations and pocketbook covers.

"New Breed of Treasure Hunter" [page 54] comes to us from public relations man **MILT LAMBERT**. While still in high school Milt began writing features for the old Boston Post, then the nation's 4th largest morning daily. During World War II Milt became a Naval air cadet and continued to write for the paper back home. After his release four years later he became aviation and science editor of the paper. He started free-lancing in 1947.

Milt lives in Lexington, Mass. with his wife, two young daughters, a dog, parakeet and canary. He loves to fish in the lakes and streams of the near-by White Mountains, or for school tuna and striped bass off the coast. His neighbors (mostly electronic engineers, research scientists, nuclear physicists and university profs) consider him a bit eccentric for his habit of careening around the neighborhood on a bicycle.

Free-lance writer H. C. SEMPLE, whose hobby is "running around finding article ideas" [also gill-watching] is the author of the interesting "Bonanza in Bootleg Scotch" (page 40). H. C.'s varied career has included working as a carpenter, electrician, plumber and bricklayer, and making "vomit bags" for Pan Am. He spent two years at a radio station in Georgia, doing everything from "mopping the floor to news editing."

H. C. then came to New York and became senior (and junior) writer for a news syndicate (the outfit boasted only one writer). He's also edited automotive and men's magazines.

H. C.'s 35, was married but is now having a great time free-lancing romantically.

Amazing Music

HAS YOU PLAYING REAL MUSIC

Music Makes Student Popular at School



"I didn't know a note until I took the U.S. School of Music Course. I now entertain my friends at parties and at dances. I also play for the school quartet. I am very popular with everyone because of my music."

—Samuel Hines,
Mt. Vernon, Tenn.

Wouldn't Part With Course for \$1,000

"In my opinion, your school is by far the cheapest and most comprehensive of any school in America. I recommend your home study course for anyone who wants to learn music the easy, inexpensive way. I wouldn't take \$1,000 for my course."



—David Dartsen,
Barre, Vt.

Course Recommended to Him by Private Teacher



"A private teacher recommended the U.S. School of Music. I have played at parties, public gatherings, dances, and solo. I conduct a four-piece orchestra, have composed four pieces, and am working on more."

—Edmund Frazer,
East Taunton, Mass.

10-Year-Old's Playing Wins Prizes

"We are very proud of Janice. She has won over \$100 in the short time she has been studying, and is going to appear on WDDT-TV in Marquette."



—Mrs. Corinne Beattie,
Rockland, Mich.

Once Took Another Course And Learned Nothing



"When I started I didn't know a single note! After two lessons, I could play a few notes on a mandolin. Now I read music just like reading a book. No other school of music can compare with the U.S. School, because I once took a course from another school of music and I learned nothing from it."

—Fernes Cruz,
Bridgeport, Nebraska

**Thousands Now Play Who Never
Thought They Could—Requires
No Teacher—No Boring Scales or
Exercises . . . QUICK, EASY, INEXPENSIVE!**

IF YOU ARE ONE of the many thousands who have always wanted to play music—yet hesitate to learn because you think "it takes too long" or "costs too much"—here's wonderful news! Now, with this famous and inexpensive home-study course, you can actually start playing your favorite instrument the *very first time you try*. And you can go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible.

No "Special Talent" Required

No previous training needed—no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real* melodies. No boring scales. No tedious exercises to practice.

Your very first lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do. You can't go wrong . . . Even if you don't know a single note of music now. Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions by note.

SIX ADVANTAGES YOU'LL ENJOY BY LEARNING THE U.S. SCHOOL WAY

A U.S. School of Music Course provides an inexpensive way to learn to play any instrument. But there are other advantages which you will enjoy. For example:

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1) You Choose Your Own Time for Your Lessons — to Suit Your Convenience | (4) Lessons Are in Permanent, Printed Form—You Can Refer to Them at Any Time |
| (2) You Get All the Sheet Music You Need With Your Course—NO "EXTRAS" for You to Buy | (5) Technical Points Are Made Easy, Fully Explained in Plain Language and Simple Pictures |
| (3) You Receive Personal Advisory Service Whenever You Need or Want It | (6) Printed Lectures Broaden Your Knowledge and Increase Your Enjoyment of All Music |

One Million Others Have Taken Up Music This Quick, Easy Way

Yes, over a million people have chosen this stream-lined way to master a musical instrument. Thanks to our "Easy As A-B-C" print-and-picture lessons, you, too, can join those who never thought they could play. Yet now they are entertaining their families and friends; playing professionally; teaching others; or playing for church and social groups.

Costs Only a Few Cents a Lesson

U. S. School of Music lessons are so clearly explained—so easy to understand—that anyone can learn to play . . . bankers, truck drivers, business leaders, teachers, laborers, housewives, students, clerks—anyone! You can learn to play piano, guitar, violin, organ, accordion, or any other instrument of your choice.

With a U.S. School Course there is NO expensive costly hourly tuition; NO expensive teacher stands at your elbow. There is NO inconvenient lesson period—because you learn at home, in spare time of your own choosing. You progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you like.

Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys

Why not let this U.S. School of Music Course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity. New friends. Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. (Possibly even a brilliant musical career.) Best of all, the deep, personal satisfaction of being able to create your own music—provide your own entertainment.

We will gladly send you our FREE BOOK describing the U.S. School and its Courses. There is no obligation; and no salesman will call. Just send the coupon for it today—and you will be playing your favorite instrument sooner than you may ever imagine.

Discovery

THE VERY FIRST TIME YOU TRY!

WHICH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?



☐ **PIANO** "I hope others will discover how easily and cheaply you can learn with this wonderful Course. — Miss J. C. ROGELIO, Rossmore Rapids, N. C.



☐ **GUITAR** "It's been fun. Haven't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances. Auditions for 'Barn Dance Bunches'. — HOWARD HOPKINS, E. Syracuse, N. Y.



☐ **ORGAN** "I had never had a lesson on the Hammond organ until I enrolled in your Organ Course. Now, after a few months I have received many compliments on my playing." — LLOYD G. HAWKS, Petersburg, Va.



☐ **ACCORDION** "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I teach at my fully equipped studio and am now studying a couple of concertos. — HOWARD VAN ORDEN, Bloomington, N. J.



☐ **VIOLIN** "I learned more in three months with you than in two years by myself. I have played for dances and am now studying a couple of concertos. — IVAN W. DAYLEY, Leno, Neb.



☐ **TRUMPET, CORNET** "I enjoyed every step of the way. My friends can't get over the improvement I made in such a short time." — HELEN PREVAK, New Castle, Del.

... OR ANY OF THESE OTHER INSTRUMENTS:

- ☐ Saxophone
☐ Tenor Banjo

- ☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet

- ☐ Trombone
☐ Steel Guitar

FREE SCHOOL CATALOG

Let us SHOW you why our way to learn music is so EASY — and so much FUN! See for yourself why our Course has been so successful since 1898. Mail the coupon for our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK. No obligation; no salesman will call. It can mean so very much to you for the rest of your entire life — if you will mail the coupon TODAY! U.S. School of Music, Studio 16010, Port Washington, N. Y. (Est. 1898—Licensed by the N. Y. State Education Department.)



- ☐ Piano
☐ Guitar
☐ Steel Guitar
☐ Violin
☐ Piano Accordion
☐ Saxophone
☐ Trumpet, Cornet
☐ Pipe, Electronic, Reed Organ
☐ Tenor Banjo
☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet
☐ Trombone
☐ Mandolin

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Studio 16010, Port Washington, N. Y.

Yes, I'd like to learn to play the instrument I have checked. Send me your free illustrated booklet, "Now You Can Learn Music In Your Own Home." I am to be under no obligation — and no salesman is to call.

Do you have the instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No
Instruments, if needed, supplied at special reduced prices.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
(Please Print Carefully)

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: ☐ If you are under 16 years of age check here for Booklet "A."

Dear Sir:



Dear SIR:

How come you're shilling for those gambling casinos? ["How to Beat the Casinos," Aug; page 24] There's no better free publicity for them than to have some magazine come along with tips on how they can be beaten. The point is you can't, as I personally know from some sad experiences in said casinos in Las Vegas. No matter what odds you get, the percentages are always against you.

Still, after all is said and done, count me in on the next spin of the wheel!

J. D. F.
Boston, Mass.

[Editors' Note: We're certainly not "shilling" as you say. Just reporting some theories on gambling offered by Major Riddle of the Dunes Hotel, a man who knows his subject. And that, after all, is the function of this or any other magazine. Incidentally, you seem to have made some study of the subject yourself and have a few theories of your own.]

Dear SIR:

Thanks for publishing my letter on your Dear SIR! page in the September issue, regarding my views of some of the girls in your magazine. You invited me to send in my comments on the gals in more recent issues, and I'm taking you up on it. Since I'm a truthful kind of guy [except when it comes to letting my wife know which magazines I read—SIR! has an honored place in my desk drawer at the office] I'm going to give it to you straight from the shoulder. So here's my scoreboard:

July issue: two luscious dolls—Marjorie London and Carol Baughman—and one not so hot dark-haired witch

named Barbara Beecher. She may not be a dog but she'd certainly classify as a "bow wow."

August issue: Monique de la Cort—a beautiful babe on pages 17 to 19 and page 21. But what happened to her on page 20? Maybe the photographer was trying to get a Mona Lisa look, but I've seen 'Whistler's Mother, and she's got more sex appeal.

Ann Logan in the same issue was a real cutie-pie, and oh, boy, those gals in the nudie movie "Surfride 77"—what bodies and bosoms! Unhappily we don't have an art movie house in this town. That's one movie I wouldn't sleep through!

September issue: Myriam Michelsson—she's sexy enough to make you want to hop the next plane to Paris.

As for Dartland Delroy—well, she could take a shower in my tub any time!

The gal playing Christine Keeler in "The Keeler Affair" isn't bad, either, although why the devil does she look so unappealing on the cover of the magazine?

Well, I guess that brings me up to date. You see, I made it my business to catch up with all the recent issues. And I might say that your bathing average is pretty good. On the whole these gals are younger and cuter than a lot of the tired old babes you had some months ago. By the way, who's the lucky guy who chooses these girls and gets to see the pictures first?

B. P. L.
Steubenville, O.

[Editors' Note: Well, Mr. B. P. L., after this second very interesting letter we're almost beginning to think of you as a long-distance member of the staff.

But don't get us wrong—your comments are most welcome. Keep them coming whenever you feel the urge to criticize, complain or maybe even compliment. Our picture editor has a good sense of humor, too, and he's fond of saying "You can please some of the people some of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time." We wonder why!]

Dear SIR:

Where do you get your pictures? Boy, that one of Roger Patrick on page 17 in the May issue was a dilly. Well, as they say, anything goes in Paris.

G. O.
Ft. Smith, Ark.

[Editors' Note: Monsieur Patrick is a very fine choreographer and was going through a dance routine with some of the stars at Club Le Sexy.]

Dear SIR:

I've been reading about those topless bathing suits and dresses and what I've been wondering is—are you wondering if men will be interested in girls in magazines if the average woman starts baring her bosom in public?

W. B.
Gettysburg, Pa.

[Editors' Note: We don't know if the topless swimsuit or dress will ever become the fashion of the land—or be allowed for that matter—but how do you think the average woman stacks up beside the average beauty in SIR!?

As an example, turn to page 22 and see how stunning Dartland Delroy shows off her suit.)

NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN

GIFTS AND GADGETS
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC



TELEPHONE AMPLIFIER enables user to speak, listen from anywhere in room with both hands free. Little larger than cigarette pack, transistorized. \$12.95 ppd. Gilwin Corp., P.O. Box 4003, Jersey City, N.J.



SUNBEAM TIGER, first volume production Anglo-American sports car. Can spring from zero to 100 mph and brake down to a standstill in under 20 seconds. Hits speeds over 150 mph. About \$3,500.



EXECUTIVE WASTEPAPER Basket-ball; hoop, net, wooden backboard. Attach in a jiffy to most standard office wastebaskets. Lots of fun. \$3.98 ppd. Snyder's, Dept. 87, P.O. Box 9557, Philadelphia 24, Pa.



POLICE STYLED AUTO BLINKER protects distressed motorists; 360° vision, visible night and day. Plugs into cigarette lighter socket. \$6.95 ppd. National Dynamics Corp., 220 E. 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.



SOLID BRASS Ornamental Watch Holder for keepsake watches. Side arms of holder adjust easily to fit all sizes of pocket watches. \$7.95 ppd. Southwest Sales, Dept. 94, P.O. Box 542, Cleburne, Tex.



BOWLMASTER, made of 2 sheets of durable plastic, printed in 3 colors; finest pocket-size library on bowling tips for average bowler. \$1 at bowling alleys, sporting goods, department stores.



TACK-TIC for handling, driving, removing and storing any and all kinds of tacks. Magnet in face permits fast, easy positioning. \$1 ppd., Uncle Sam's Adventures, P.O. Box 234, Troy, N.Y.



A PIPE DREAM come true; water-proof vinyl tobacco pouch; push plunger fills pipe automatically. \$2.50 plus 25c for handling charges. K. Nielsen Enterprises, 8044 S. 118 St., Seattle, Wash. 98178.



Candy

Sex novel "Candy" was

■ That someone would write a risqué novel to end all risqué novels was bound to happen, and now that G. P. Putnam Sons have published "Candy," the predictable ultimate has occurred. And to add the proverbial lily, "Candy" is currently at the top of the best-seller list.

First published as "Lollipop" by the Olympia Press in Paris—a French publishing house specializing in English-language erotica, whose publisher is now under jail sentence in France—"Candy" is a mixture of "Fanny Hill," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," with Henry Miller and Frank Harris thrown in for laughs.

The two writers who dreamed up "Candy" are Terry Southern (he helped out in the adaptation of "Dr. Strangelove" to the screen) and Mason Hoffenberg, an erstwhile writer for Olympia. When "Candy" was published back in 1958, the author's name was listed as "Maxwell Kenton."

Well, "Lollipop" as it was, (and still is, for that matter) didn't cause much of a stir in the world-wise capital city of the French. Such works had been circulating freely in Paris for years. But the book caught the eye of the publisher of G. P. Putnam Sons, and it promptly came sliding across the Atlantic on a wave of word-of-mouth publicity which did

once published in Paris by Olympia Press, under the title "Lollipop"

A SIR! Book Review: "Candy," by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg; G. P. Putnam Sons; New York; 224 pp.; \$5.00.

By GEORGE T. MILLER



nothing to balm its reception on these shores.

And when we say "Candy" is the one piece of erotica to end all erotic novels, we mean just that. When it comes to the sheer clinical portrayal of the human act of propagation, "Candy" is as clear and realistic as an abortion on the kitchen table under a 100-watt bulb. However, there is one difference. "Candy" is set to humor, and in spots can be devastatingly funny. This is the one factor which will most likely keep it off the court calendars. This, of course, makes the situation interesting indeed.

It's no secret that "Candy" says more about the ways and means of sex than Henry Miller ever dreamed of. Yet Mr. Miller's youthful yelps about Paris in "Tropic of Cancer" were banished from these shores for years. "Nothing but dirt" was the given reason.

"Tropic of Cancer" finally did sneak onto the bookshelves in the U.S., but the book is still having trouble with the law. Not so the case with "Candy."

"Candy," for the record, can be called misguided satire and a sometimes amusing collection of incidents that are a spoof on modern-day sex.

Messrs. Southern and Hoffenberg apparently decided to use some free hours to have some fun with their obvious talents, and to make some money.

The winsome, pretty young girl they created is motivated by the wholesome desire for giving. The trouble is, the young lady (Candy, by name, of course) takes after Voltaire's Candide, whom she resembles in always giving herself, literally. And to the damndest people.

In rapid-fire order, Candy tries unsuccessfully to give herself to a sexually mixed-up professor, a very normal Mexican gardener, and of all people, her father's twin brother.

She doesn't make the grade with the professor, who suddenly switches his interest to a young male homosexual. She almost succeeds with the Mexican gardener, but is interrupted by her father who, in a battle in her bedroom, is cleaved with a trowel. (The Mexican escapes.) The father, instead of dying from a gaping wound in his head, gets a perfect frontal lobotomy.

Candy, still a virgin, goes to the hospital to visit her father, accompanied by her uncle (Pop's identical twin, you know). While sitting in the hospital room

with the unconscious parent, it suddenly occurs to Candy that her beloved uncle needs her. You know, "needs her." Well, the idea also occurs to the slightly mixed-up uncle. And right there on the floor of the hospital room, Southern and Hoffenberg have Candy deflowered by her uncle.

And so on through the most openly tongue-in-cheek spoof at society's sexual morals trip the talents of Southern and Hoffenberg.

At the book's end nothing, but nothing, has been spared.

The reader is exhausted, not only by the pace, but by the most unusual and bizarre batch of sexual skirmishes, and at times full-scale battles that this writer has ever read.

There are no giggles in "Candy." But there are plenty of old-fashioned belly laughs.

Which brings us back to that question: If such works as "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "Fanny Hill" and "Tropic of Cancer" have felt the brunt of legal persecution, why hasn't "Candy"?

Of these three, "Candy" is by far the most professional. It is sleek writing and

hilarious thinking. And it doesn't masquerade under the guise of serious writing.

But "Candy's" single thread of seriousness is a powerful one. Unlike the usual heroine in such books who gives her body because she enjoys the lust, "Candy" gives herself because she feels the other party needs her. There is an almost unbelievable believability about this characterization. Candy bounces from bed to bed with the sureness of a prostitute. But her motive is fresh, spirited and unselfish. That motive, in fact, removes from "Candy" the social stigma of character weakness. She has nothing to give but herself, and she does that better and better as the book races toward the only conclusion it could. But we'll let you make your own mind up about the ending.

What is important here, is that the writers make no pretense at developing any so-called higher purpose, other than their heroine's honesty and generosity. Which is, in fact, more than enough.

"Candy" presents no social problem, other than to perplex those who would wish to probe the book for hidden destructive passages or lofty intellectual drive. There's nothing hidden in "Candy."

The authors have laid their deed out for all to see. And if ye seek the subtle, don't buy the book. If you are offended by sharply-used four-letter Anglo-Saxon words, you'll have fun tearing up the pages.

"Tom Jones"—the movie about Victorian England—opened up the American screen to plots and scripts heretofore taboo. It did it with excellent, if ribald taste.

"Candy" apparently is doing the same for the publishing industry. Messrs. Southern and Hoffenberg need not worry about the courts of America. They have followed precedent almost to the letter. They have, to put it mildly, been legally pure and hilariously obscene—obscene, that is, to puritanical tastes.

Their secret, if you wish to call it that, is getting their hard-working heroine—she works hard at giving, you know—into the damndest sexual situations possible but improbable, and then letting the natural or unnatural run almost to its course. At times they even let things go all the way.

But one thing remains untarnished.

Candy, for all her misguided and mismanaged ways, keeps her purity of soul intact.

The entire experience—and we do prefer to call "Candy" just that—revolves around the worldly lust of the people the heroine comes in contact with. She remains above it all—in spirit, that is.

Candy's virtue, as sketched beautifully by the authors, is that the youngster really doesn't give a damn about sex. She doesn't even know much about it, either, in the first chapters. Her entire joy is derived from the knowledge that she is needed.

"Candy" is not a novel. It is a very funny social purgative cast in imaginative style and grace. So flexible are the situations the authors create, each individual reader is going to come up with his or her own idea as to just what in hell is going on.

What eats away at the reader continually is the lurking feeling that the authors are looking over your shoulder, waiting for that big guffaw to follow the one you emitted two pages back. If you don't come through, they (the authors) no doubt think your sense of humor needs working on.

(Continued on page 67)





■ I don't expect to floor you by the announcement that I'm a bird-watcher. But you may be mildly interested to learn that otherwise I'm a normal male. Perhaps a little too normal. I mean I follow natural impulses. Which is what got me in this big trouble, starting out not with a bird but a girl. That is, I think she was a girl. Frankly, they've got me wondering now. But for a wonderful interlude in my life I even thought I knew what kind of girl she was. She had all the characteristics of a yellow-crested, full-breasted male-runner.

But maybe I'd better start at the beginning of the story. It starts in this bird's native habitat: the exurbs.

If you've ever doubted the clichés about life in the exurbs, let me put your mind to rest. I'm an old exurbanite myself. Well, not too old. Not too old to look, anyway. And when this yellow-crested, full-breasted creature came flitting out of the woods, I soon learned that I, by God, could still do more than just look.

There I go again, getting ahead of the story. I was about to tell you about the exurbs. They're really just dandy, if you like to spend your life on trains, playing cards with three men you'll never get to know other than what kind of hands they play.

CALL OF THE COO COO

When Jeffery whistled, his bird girl answered—and gave herself with abandon. Best of all, she was invisible to his shrewish wife Emma

The only part of that kind of life that I like is the latter part: you never get to know them. From what you see of most of your bridge partners, you're delighted one of you can always concoct a little instant lie when necessary. I mean when the other gets bored enough to suggest that you and the wife trek over some evening and make a foursome with him and his dearly beloved.

CALL OF THE COO COO

It's been my sad discovery that almost everything they say about exurbia is true—PTA, RFD, outdoor barbecue pits, indoor flies, switchblade-carrying mosquitoes. All true except the interesting part. You know, the wife-swapping part.

That's just sucker-bait to get idiots like me to sign our names to a 30-year mortgage on a castle in the Freedamland of Love. Then the awful truth dawns: a few friends like you've got at Chase Manhattan and you'll never need an enemy. For when you cast a critical gaze at the local fauna against the native flora, you realize that even flowers would not make them look good. Beasts, all of them, believe me. Unless you're game to try a jail sentence for trying to bag some neighbor's daughter before she qualifies as a legal trophy. And it's not likely she'll wait around that long. The smart, shapely ones quickly get out of the native habitat, even if they have to go to college. Then they drift to New York or Hollywood, to return to Sticksville nevarmore, as that famous black-backed raven of Edgar Allan Poe once commented.

After I, Jeffery Snipe, was stuck in Mudsville, I ran the usual gamut of guys whose names might be Smith, Jones, Gordiner or Fink, but who share Mudsville's common denominator—all could be listed in the yellow pages as Bored, with a capital B as in "crazy."

An unwhick sticking it out in Sticksville is quite predictable in trying to hide his big B. There's photography. For a whole year he's a frustrated DeMille, boring the few persistent friends he has left with bad home movies and even worse stills; worse because the stills don't even move.

Then he'll probably try the boat bit, until he discovers that with the ever-rising expenses, he's the one riding an anchor.

After a quick spin at travel (running into old friends in new places) and going through the hi-fi-color-TV phase (getting pre-amplified, more true-to-life commercials), our resident in Nowhereand is apt to have his vision too beleaguered by debt to recognize a ruby-breasted happy bird if he found two of them in the bush.

Maybe now you can understand why I took up bird-watching not too long after moving from the city with the wife and kids. Eight at last count, and unfortunately it's the kids I'm now talking about. On second thought, if the other seven wives are to be anything like my one wife Emma, let's please drop the whole idea.

My friends tell me Emma's not at all bad-looking, even after twelve years of marriage. I couldn't say. I long ago did

myself a favor and stopped looking at her. It wasn't so much that I didn't want to see her any more. But somehow, while concentrating so hard on not hearing her constant yammering, I just ceased seeing my better half. Except when she was in hair curlers or Bermuda shorts, which is where I'd like to ship her when she pours her big backside into those ridiculous parodies on pants.

Oh, yes, you may have guessed. I also saw Emma whenever she was coming out of the delivery room. Which seemed often enough, God knows.

I used to get pretty damned worried, I'll tell you, each September when old Emma was in the delivery room paying the price for our one big evening out the previous New Year's Eve.

"God," I'd pray, "don't let anything happen to good old Emma. Otherwise, I'll be stuck with the little monsters. I'll even have to learn their names."

Now please don't ask me what happened those two years we failed to produce a tax deduction in September. Probably too much champagne that New Year's Eve.

You can see, then, why I took up bird-watching, can't you? It's an inexpensive habit. It's not very energetic. And it takes you out of the house a great deal of the time.

My troubles really started when I sent away \$5.98 for this whistle. It was on sale in the Audubon Club's magazine and was guaranteed to bring results. If it didn't bring hell's own amount of double-domed, yellow-eyed fly-catchers, money cheerfully refunded.

I needed an even half-dozen double-domed, yellow-eyed fly-catchers; or, rather, I needed to see them so I could fill out my season bird-watching cards without cheating.

I may as well confess, bird-watching is the only game I've never cheated at, including bridge. Bird-watching, therefore, or is good for my moral development; or was, until this funny thing happened on the way to the bird-watching station with this whistle.

Emma, as you might expect, didn't care about my moral development any more than anything else I was interested in. She ridiculed me for buying the whistle. She called it my toy. She said with \$5.98 why didn't I buy myself a BB-gun and blow my brains out.

"Now, pet," I countered, "don't judge everyone's brains by the size of yours."

"Okay, so save your money and buy a cannon," she snapped.

She was in rare form that day. Besides, she added, the whistle wouldn't work. No bird was so dumb as to be fooled by me no matter what tune I whistled.

(Continued on page 60)

ERICA
"EUREKA!"
ERICA

"Men I collect. Much better than Blue Chip stocks," says pixyish green-eyed, German-born Erica Huber. And judging from the



pictures of Erica that have come across our desk, we'd venture a guess that she collected many a male heart in the journey that took her from her native

MORE ►

Munich to Paris, Athens, Greece, Tokyo, Hong Kong and finally Hollywood. Along the way Erica modeled pre-teen, teenage and finally more provocative and sophisticated fashions.

Although Erica will be taking out her citizenship papers in about three years, she



is still very much a European and therefore completely female female with some definite ideas about men and love.

"Loving is how I keep fit," Erica candidly

MORE ►





told this interviewer.
Her idea of the perfect
man? "He must have a
forceful personality
and be liked by everybody.

Physical appearance I
do not care about."

Of her modeling
career, Erica says: "I
am not embarrassed
undressing before the
photographer." However,



her most embarrassing
moment came one night
when: "After drinking
too much champagne I
started to strip in the
best night club in
Athens!"



At one time it was
flagpole sitting, then it
was eating goldfish.
Then came panty raids
and seeing how many
people could get
into a phone
booth or
on top of a
bed. Now it's
the topless
bathing suit
that's the rage

THE



In San Francisco, model (ab.l.) coyly shows off her topless suit, while Mrs. Cathy Hardwick (top), fashion shop owner, nonchalantly displays hers. In Santa Monica dancer Lucki Winn (ab.r.) went to beach in her suit, wasn't arrested.

TOPLESS SWIMSUIT CRAZE

By HANK REEVES

■ In the June 3rd issue of "Women's Wear Daily," a sort of "Bible" of the women's fashion industry, an eye-popping picture appeared, discreetly buried on one of the inside pages, that was to cause more headlines from coast to coast and more controversial gossip than anything since Liz and Burton made the real-life "Cleopatra."

The picture in "Women's Wear Daily" showed an elongated brunette mannequin posed in a typically high-fashion pose. Like those of many in her trade, the expression on the mannequin's face conveyed: "Isn't it all a teddy-bull bore?"

She was wearing a new bathing suit.

The only thing the least bit unusual about the picture was that the bored mannequin's suit left her breasts bare. And readers quickly proved they didn't think the sight the least bit boring.

Within one week a model was arrested in Chicago for taking a topless swim; columnists throughout the nation had a field day turning out reams of spicy copy; and in staid old London,

MORE ►

THE TOPLESS SWIMSUIT CRAZE

England a firm made a killing selling topless cocktail dresses at \$15 apiece. At first brought out as a "gaggle" by the London firm which had seen the publicity on the American topless suit, the idea caught on and the manufacturer had to go into heavy production to fill the orders which came in in droves.

It looked as if the topless swim suit were here to stay.

In "Women's Wear Daily" Carol Bjorkman, in whose column the topless swimsuit picture had appeared, confided to insiders in the fashion world:

"I knew you would want to see this photograph. People have been hedging around the bosom and the bathing suit for some time. It's been photographed from the side, from all other angles—what's the matter with the front? After all, it is here to stay—and it is awfully nice being a girl!"

To answer Carol's question, male readers of her column polled by *SIR!* answered to a man there was NOTHING wrong with the front.

But all readers weren't so ready to agree the day was here that it would be so generously exhibited in fashion plates. That issue of "Women's Wear" quickly became a collector's item, bringing as much as \$1 a copy in the back-issue publications market.

Some cynics suspected the trade paper of indulging in a publicity stunt. But telephoned inquiries to its editorial offices brought cautious replies: the paper wasn't "very happy" about the stir it had made outside the trade. Sorry, no back issues were available.

One enterprising and larcenous student of high fashion even snatched that page of "Women's Wear" from the New York Public Library's archives.

"This is terrible, terrible," a spinsterish-looking librarian exclaimed when a reporter pointed out the clipping-gap in the library's stockpile of knowledge.

It soon became apparent, however, that there would be many other pictures and thousands of words to be filed away before the full story of the bared breast was developed.

Picket lines were thrown up in front of stores selling the new suits in Pennsylvania and Texas. In Allentown, Pa. women carried signs reading: "Bikinis" (Continued on page 66)



These pictures made national news syndication in papers throughout the country at height of craze. (L.) Lady examines a topless suit. (Above) Women picket



While blonde Toni Lee Shelly, 19, was taking dip in Lake Michigan, cops waded in with blanket and charged her with "suspicion of improper attire for bathing."

TWO FEET IN IVIE'S BAR

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE
OF GETTING A GOOD
STORY WITH YOUR DRINK
AT IVIE'S BAR. AND THIS
IS ONE OF THE GREATEST

By CARL DAMON

■ "I have 32 toes," said the man sitting next to me. "Sixteen on each foot."

I do not generally drink much after work, but on that particular evening I had decided—just the instant I'd stepped out the door of the Avon Book Store after eight hours on my feet pricing books and selling books and dusting books and repairing books—I had decided to go across the street to Ivie's and get loaded.

"Well," I said to the man sitting next to me, "that is an interesting conversational gambit." I had never seen him in the

(Continued on page 58)







the redoubtable **PEGGY LEE**

■ Jazz critic Leonard Feather once said of Peggy Lee: "If you don't feel a thrill when she sings, you're dead, Jack." On another occasion, asked if he considered Miss Lee "a real jazz singer," Feather replied: "Is Sandy Koufax a pitcher?"

Of course, Feather is not alone in his opinion of the blonde entertainer. Virtually every observer of the night club scene has at one time or another written of her in words as warm as her own rendition of "Fever," and most have speculated on her amazing durability.

That she is durable was proved once more recently when she made a three-week appearance at the Royal Box, a posh club in New York's Hotel Americana, and jammed the place twice nightly with customers who shelled out a cover charge which ran from \$5 to \$8 per head.

The New York Times' Robert Alden reviewed Miss Lee at the Royal Box and said: "As anyone who has seen Miss Lee work in a night club can testify, the experience can be overwhelming. If the listener supplies a basic appreciation of popular music, Miss Lee does the rest. Using her voice, the lights, the music, the costumes, one is carried back and forth across and through a variety of emotions—happy, sad and in between."

The reviewer continued: "Miss Lee is ever creative. At times songs come and go as if they were tatters of distant

AFTER 25 YEARS IN THE BUSINESS, VELVET-VOICED PEGGY LEE IS STILL THE BEST WHITE JAZZ SINGER AROUND. AND SHE'S A GREAT SONG WRITER, TOO

By CHARLIE McHARRY

the redoubtable PEGGY LEE

melodies, almost lost but still echoing through a troubled mind. In total, it is a moving experience."

In her orchestral arrangements, phrasing, lighting, electronic equipment and costuming, Miss Lee is a perfectionist, perhaps more so than any other person in the business. Hours of planning, testing and rehearsing go into each facet of her act, and she may change the act as many as three times a year.

One slight, yet very effective example of her perfection was evident at the Royal Box in one of Miss Lee's returns to the mike for an encore. With the room otherwise darkened, a small spotlight focused on the red velvet curtain behind the bandstand. Miss Lee's forearm, decorated with a sparkling diamond bracelet, appeared through the curtain. As she moved to the front of the stand, the light followed her extended arm, flicking off in favor of other lights when she began her song.

ANOTHER example was her gown, described by this writer's opening-night companion, a lady whose business is theatrical costuming, thusly: "It's so magnificent I can't imagine what it cost, but I can tell you this, whoever designed it knew exactly what he was doing."

Asked for details, my companion continued: "It is a full-length gown of white chiffon with a full skirt and a crystal-beaded bodice with an illusion top. Notice that the beads go into a point over each hip."

"Over this is a full-length white cape, simple but elegant. If she desired to conceal weight, this outfit is beautifully designed to cover a full figure. Unquestionably there is a weight problem, but it is scarcely noticeable unless she brings out her arms."

"She seldom does this, but when she does, her arms and fingers are beautifully jeweled, so that attention is diverted from her arms. White is most becoming to her because of her fair skin. A brunette doesn't look that good in white."

"Her make-up is also perfect. She looks about 35, although I believe she is older."

Actually, Miss Lee is older by ten years, having celebrated her 45th birthday in May, and she will soon be a grandmother via her daughter Nicki and her son-in-law, Richard Foster, who is seen as a mime in Miss Lee's act. Her "advancing years" seem to trouble her not a bit.

"Look," she told an interviewer, "this old thing about being as old

as you feel is absolutely true. I've known children who were old at 3, and I have friends in their 70's who are young—young in outlook, in their interests and in the way they live."

She continued: "Yes, I am about to be a grandmother, and I am absolutely thrilled at the prospect. I'll be the readiest baby sitter ever." Then, laughingly: "I've made only one stipulation, and that is that my grandchild not be born during a performance. In the afternoon would be all right, or on a day off, but not when I'm working. I want to be there."

Miss Lee, who spends an average of eighteen weeks a year on the road, has no present plans for an easier schedule, although she may curtail her night club appearances in favor of concert dates. She has several concerts coming up this fall, in the East, Midwest and Canada, and more are being scheduled. She feels her act is geared more for the concert stage than for night clubs, and there are many who agree. Yet it will be a blow for the big clubs if she throws them over, for Miss Lee is one of the few entertainers today whose presence in a club guarantees the owner a profit.

Peggy Lee was born Norma Egstrom in Fargo, North Dakota, the seventh of eight children. Her father was a railroad station agent. Her mother died when Peggy was 4.

"She knew she was going a year before," Peggy recalls, "and she sewed us a lot of clothes so we'd be dressed for a long time."

Peggy began working at 11 as a farm hand. She milked cows, threshed wheat, pitched hay, ran the cream separator, cooked and washed dishes. She was up at 4 a.m. and not in bed until long after dark. For this she was paid \$3 per week.

"People sometimes ask where we find the strength to stand up under the strain of show business," Peggy once said. "In my case, I know it was all that work that gave me the strength."

Peggy sang at high school functions and then, at 17, with \$18 and a free railroad ticket provided by her father, went to Hollywood. After several hungry weeks she returned home, disappointed but not at all discouraged about making singing her career.

She got a job with a local radio station, and this led to dates at other stations and hotels in the West and Midwest. Eventually she got to a club in Palm Springs, where a Chicago businessman heard her sing and arranged for an audition at Chicago's

Ambassador West Hotel. It was there that Benny Goodman signed her for his band.

Her bow with Goodman, at the Meadowbrook in New Jersey, on Sept. 17, 1941, was not auspicious. The critics and jitterbugs were out in force, and when Peggy came on with a bad case of nerves, there was much wondering—some of it in the newspapers—as to what Goodman saw in his new vocalist. Goodman wasn't worried. He was confident that Peggy's soft, silky treatment of jazz themes was right, and the acclaim showered on her the following night bore him out.

In 1943, while appearing with Goodman at New York's Paramount Theater, Peggy became enamored of Lil Green's recording of "Why Don't You Do Right By Me?" and she played it constantly in her dressing room. Benny liked it, too. He whipped up his own orchestration of the number, with Peggy doing the vocal, and put it in the show. It also was put on a record, and the result was a smash hit, Peggy's first.

Later in the same year Peggy married David Barbour, Goodman's guitarist. When Barbour left the band, Peggy left with him. She wanted to continue singing, but at this point her career was secondary, and not until after Nicki's birth in 1944 did she go back to work.

She signed with Capitol Records and immediately came up with three winners. Her "You Was Right, Baby" sold 750,000 platters, and "I Don't Know Enough About You" and "It's a Good Day" both topped 500,000. Barbour had written the music for all three, and Peggy had penned the lyrics. These and her subsequent song-writing efforts were to earn her a lucrative rating with ASCAP.

RADIO made her tempting offers, all of which meant that she would have to leave Hollywood, and this she refused to do. Then, in 1946, she signed with Bing Crosby for his ABC program which was taped on the Coast. After that there was no stopping her.

As of this moment, Miss Lee has recorded more than 500 songs for Capitol and Decca. She collaborated with the late Victor Young on a number of tunes, including "Where Can I Go Without You?" and the film themes for "Johnny Guitar" and "About Mrs. Leslie." She worked with Sonny Burke to create the score for Disney's "Lady and the Tramp," and she also wrote songs for "Tom Thumb." (Continued on page 58)

BILL KREH'S STRICTLY G.I.

IT'S NOT A
MAN, IT'S NOT
A PLANE, IT'S
A "FLEP" ...

The new Army
Flexible Flying
Wing can deliver
1000 pounds and
land in 100 feet



BILL KREH is a military
writer and WW II Navy vet.

A new and unusual aircraft, unlike anything you've ever seen before, quietly and without fanfare has been making flights over the desert around the U.S. Army's Test Facility at Yuma, Arizona.

If the unique plane passes all its tests, it will give the Army a cheap yet highly efficient method of delivering supplies to combat units in remote areas.

Its nickname is the "Fleep." Officially it's known as the XV-8A, a Flexible Wing Aerial Utility Vehicle. It was designed and built to operate out of rugged, unimproved areas where regular air strips aren't available—such as Viet Nam—to get supplies to combat troops.

It is powered by a 230-horsepower, 6-cylinder Continental engine with fuel injection. It can carry 1000 pounds, has a 100-mile range, and is so simple to operate that nearly anyone can fly it.

H. C. "Rick" Cotton, the Fleep's test pilot, says: "We need less than 500 feet for take-off and not more than 100 feet for the ground roll on landing into 6 to 8 knots of wind. Sometimes on landing I have the feeling I could practically step out the instant the wheels touch the ground."

Unlike other aircraft, with their rigid, metal-covered surfaces, the Flexible Wing is made of flexible, plastic-coated material attached to a keel to form an arrow-shaped kite-like surface.

An experienced military pilot who has flown a variety of aircraft, Cotton says the sensation of flying at high altitudes in the Fleep is unique.

"Sitting out in the open, in front of the pusher engine, and nothing in front of you but a motorcycle-type plastic windshield mounted on the bullet-shaped nose, you get a totally detached feeling," he says. "You have the comforting illusion of floating, with no wind turbulence whatsoever in the cockpit."

Simplicity is the keynote of the Fleep. It has no hydraulic or electrical system, all controls are manual. It has a fixed-pitch propeller, which is simpler and less costly than a variable-pitch prop.

Actually, the Army's not limiting the innovation of a flexible wing to just the Fleep. It's also conducting some other experiments on flex wings.

For example, not long ago in Thailand, several 220-pound bags of rice were delivered deep into the jungle by a device known as the Precision Drop Glider (PDG). The PDG has a flexible wing similar to that on the Fleep, and a control platform carrying radio equipment. It is dropped from a plane near the delivery zone, its wings unfold, and then it is guided by radio control to glide into its target.

Lieutenant John E. Hempstead, an Army engineer who has been testing the PDG, says the device "makes possible aerial delivery of cargo into areas and under conditions which until now were considered impossible."

Although tests have not yet started, the Army envisions the use of flexible wings instead of parachutes for dropping troops into combat. Soldiers could be dropped, for example, long distances from their target and then glide into the combat zone, literally steering their course all the way.

Now here are this month's questions and answers from SIR! readers:

Q. Will the government give a veteran eyeglasses if he finds he needs them soon after his discharge?—C. L., Akron, Ohio.

A. Only if the doctors determine that the vet's eyesight went bad while in service.

Q. I'm due to get out of the Army in April, 1965. Now the question arises as to whether I can still get schooling under the GI Bill. I was under the impression that the deadline will have passed, but a buddy of mine says no. Who's right?—Sgt. F. K., Fort Benning, Ga.

A. You are. January 31, 1965 is the termination date for the education and training provisions of the Korea GI Bill. As the law now stands, all payments end as of that date.

Q. In going through my late uncle's papers, I find something that says he was discharged under Army Regulation 635-40A. What does that mean?—S. T., Norman, Okla.

A. It means he was discharged because of a physical disability.

Q. My neighbor says that widows of World War II or Korea GI's are eligible for GI Bill home loans. Is that right?—H. K., Glencoe, Ill.

A. Yes, if they meet certain qualifications. Briefly, they must be unmarried widows of vets of World War II or the Korean War who died in service or after discharge as the result of service-connected disabilities. Entitlement for World War II widows will expire July 25, 1967; for widows of Korean War vets, Jan. 31, 1975.

(Continued on page 61)

JUDY MADISON

a
new girl
in the
old
town



■ An exception to the old saying, "Good things come in small packages," is tall, stately (5 foot 7; 38-26-37) showgirl Judy Madison. Judy arrived in Las Vegas six months ago to appear at the Tropicana Hotel, and in a town that boasts more beautiful girls per square block than any other town its size in the U.S., this beautiful blonde was an immediate standout.

Judy graduated into show business immediately after high school, and has appeared in shows in New York, New Orleans, Hollywood, Detroit and other cities too numerous to mention. Living out of trunks for the past five years, Judy has learned to travel light; her bulkiest possession being

an old sleeping bag which she uses instead of a bed. Judy is an advocate of yoga and a more Spartan way of life. She practices her yoga positions at least a half-hour each day and says that mattresses on hotel beds are generally too soft or too lumpy and therefore very bad for the spine. Hence, the sleeping bag. Judy is particularly happy that her room in Las Vegas has a terrace, where she stretches out in her sleeping bag for eight blissful hours of sleep at an hour when more everyday kind of people are getting up and going to work.

Judy's biggest thrill so far in Las Vegas was appearing on the Phil Silvers Show when it was on location at the Tropicana. Judy admits she likes the gay holiday atmosphere of Las Vegas, and although she doesn't go in for any real casino gambling, she does enjoy an evening of poker, gin rummy or chess.

Once in a while, Judy admits, living alone does get a bit lonesome. But she has no marriage plans and doesn't believe a girl should consciously look for a husband. Judy is an avid reader, particularly of books on philosophy and Oriental religions, and her personal philosophy is to live her life fully each day and not worry about the future. The rest, including the man to marry, will take care of itself. ●









SIR'S JOKES FOR PLAYTIME

● Pete's Gin Mill in Frisco has a new concoction that's a real gas. It's called M.R.S. Punch, and he makes it with milk, rum and sugar. The milk is for vitality, the sugar for pep. And he puts in the rum so people will know what to do with all that pep and vitality!



● It was Jane's first day as a salesgirl in the maternity shop and business was hectic. From the moment the store opened, Jane had been hopping from one customer to another. Then, just as she finished a big sale and was hoping to take a coffee break, the doors opened and a new group of very expectant ladies came rushing through the door. "My goodness," the exhausted Jane exploded in anguish, "doesn't anyone ever do it for fun any more?"

● Underdeveloped young Sammy Told his gal, nymphomaniac Tammy, "I do like to sport . . . But let's cut this thing short . . . 'Cause this is as far as I go."



● A king and his court jester were marooned on a desert island. By the end of the week the king was at his wit's end.

● Did you hear about the girl who was picked up so often she started to grow handles?

● A doctor in Chicago for a medical convention was talking to a gorgeous blonde in the lobby of his hotel when his wife unexpectedly came out of the elevator. Eying the departing figure of the blonde, the wife snapped: "How do you happen to know her?"

"Oh, just professionally," the doctor answered casually.

"Yours or hers?" the wife asked, raising a sarcastic eyebrow.



● A union organizer went to a brothel and carefully looked over the girls. "I'll take that one," he told the madam, pointing to a cute little redhead. "Oh, no," said the madam. "You'll take that one over there." She pointed to a forlorn-looking dame sitting by herself. "She's got seniority rights!"

● The Navy opened one of its bases for public inspection as part of a better public relations policy. A group of middle-aged ladies from a local ladies' club was being shown through the mess hall by a smartly turned out young ensign. The ladies paused before one of the large baking ovens, where a sailor was busy rolling dough. He would take small portions of dough and press them on his belly button before putting them on a huge baking sheet.

"What in the world is he doing?" asked one of the ladies.

"He's making cookies, ma'am," the ensign replied politely.

"Well, that's the strangest thing I've ever seen!"

"If you think that's funny, you should have been here last week. He was making doughnuts then!"

● It was New Year's Eve and the house was decorated with all the trappings of the holiday season. The only sound in the quiet of the house was the click of Grandma's knitting needles as she baby sat with the children: Frannie, 8, and Dolly, 6. The girls were coloring in a coloring book. Tiring of this, they went over to Grandma's rocker. Frannie curled up on the floor and Dolly crept into Grandma's lap.

"Tell us a story," Dolly begged.

"Well," said the old lady, putting her knitting aside, "what story shall I tell you tonight?" "Grandma, tell us our favorite story," Frannie whispered eagerly. "About the time you were a whore in Dallas."

SIR'S JOKES for PLAYTIME



● In the days of chivalry some of the court ladies liked to curl up with a good book, but some of them preferred a page at a time.

● It has been noted that women without principle usually draw the most interest.

● Jayne Mansfield is one person who proved that good things don't always come in three's.

● The dental patient was so eager to get the job done, she opened her mouth real wide and waited for the dentist to start work.

"Madam," he expostulated, "you don't have to open quite so wide. I plan to stand outside."

● "I dreamed about you last night, honey," he told her.

"Did you?" she asked, smiling slightly.

"No, darn it! You wouldn't let me!"

● Writing is like prostitution. First you do it for the love of it, then you do it for a few friends, and finally you end up doing it for money.

● One ovary said to the other ovary: "Must be we're going to have a concert because they're shoving an organ in here."

● Then there was the first-grade teacher who came into her classroom and found the boys in a huddle on the floor.

"What are you doing?" she asked in alarm.

"We're shooting dice," one of the little boys told her.

"Oh, thank goodness," the teacher said with relief. "I thought you were praying."

● The martini is the only drink that keeps some girls from getting a beer belly.

● In the movie, "The World of Suzie Wong," an important part left out is when Suzie's husband comes home from the war after being away for four years and finds her cradling a baby with distinct Caucasian features.

"And what the hell is this?" he asks.

"Honey, didn't I tell you, this is our baby—goats and mine," she cooingly answers.

"Look, don't try to fool me, Suzie," he shouts. "Two Wongs don't make a white!"

● What's your favorite joke or gag? Send it to PLAYTIME JOKES Editor, SIR!, 21 West 36 Street, New York 19, N.Y. We will pay \$5 for any joke or gag used. In case of duplicates, the first one received will be the winner. Jokes and gags cannot be returned.

bonanza in bootleg scotch



■ Back in 1919 the advent of Prohibition overnight forced Americans to face the sober fact that booze was henceforth illegal. During its controversial life span, before outraged citizens voted it into a justified grave, Prohibition gave us several hallowed institutions, including the Roaring 20's, gang wars and a cynical attitude toward law and order. But it also gave birth to what is now looked upon as an almost native tradition—bootlegging. Faced with no hard liquor, millions of Americans eagerly emptied their wallets to buy quarts and cases of the “real thing,”

sometimes imported from Europe but more often hot off the Hoboken ferry. In its heyday during the early 30's, the sport of running illegal liquor past vigilant Coast Guard cutters filled the U.S. coastline with blacked-out high-speed boats every night.

The days of the rum runner hauling brandy and benedictine from La Belle France are long since over, but in one sleepy seaside town the effects of those halcyon night-time sporting runs are very much alive. The town is Belford, New Jersey, now devoted to the more legitimate art of commercial fishing. Its interest



Gerald Doran and one of his crew (in white sweater) bring up box of Scotch. It took Doran, 36, a couple of years to find old charts to locate submerged spirits.



Doran opens case of Cutty Sark. Liquor was dropped by rum runners being chased by Coast Guard during Prohibition. Fishermen, stem divers now having a heyday.

ALL YOU NEED IS A BOAT
AND MAP TO GO AFTER THE
BOOZE THROWN OVERBOARD
BY RUM RUNNERS JUST
BEFORE BEING APPREHENDED
DURING PROHIBITION

By H. C. SEMPLE



The Scotch is great, Doran and his friends report. (That's author Semple drinking, L.) Belford, N.J. waters hold the buried booze.



in rum-running is based on the fact that the booze of three decades ago is still resting on the bottom of the coastal bays, put there by frantic bootleggers when the Coast Guard gave chase. This illegal liquor is being dredged up from the muddy bottoms today—corked, sealed and well-preserved—by a group of light-hearted clam diggers bent on making whoopee. Effectively beating the high cost of living, the Alcohol Tax Unit of the U.S. Treasury Department, and the boredom of a day of fishing, these imaginative fisherfolk have emulated their pioneer forebears and come up with their own indisputable recipe for free Scotch.

To appreciate the possibilities inherent in this bottled "fruit de mer" you must first understand the location of Belford, the background of its citizens, and the current attitude of Uncle Sam toward their liquid net loads.

Belford is less than 50 miles from New York City. Settled back in the early 1700's, it was successively a landing point for immigrants, a rallying point for plundering pirates, and a key sea location during the Revolutionary War. Its citizens became hardened to being shelled by U.S. gunboats while the British held the town, then being shelled by the British after the town changed hands. Since its founding, Belford has been a haven for blockade runners, smugglers and other shady citizens wishing to land men and materials under cover of night, while its permanent residents developed the wise practice of keeping their eyes and ears open and their lips zipped. Even today, when summer residents swarm to the area for sun and fun, Belford natives look on the annual invasion much as Midwest farmers view the septennial onslaughts of the hungry locust. And the tightest-lipped of all are

the men who go out before dawn in the clam boats and fishing smacks. Regardless of the season or the weather, they search the near-by waters for food for hungry New Yorkers, and rarely associate with anybody who is not a fisherman.

Into this stable society burst the bomb of Prohibition. Overnight the speakeasy became the symbol of law-breaking and an answer to an alcohol-starved American public. For prestige reasons and because they were afraid of the health risks involved in selling locally-made bathtub gin, speakeasies and private clubs turned to the well-known brands of foreign countries. And since the borders of the U.S. were sealed and patrolled by Prohibition and Internal Revenue agents, bringing in the outlawed liquor became the bootlegger's biggest problem.

The area from Sandy Hook to Manasquan soon became known as "rum row," with Belford as the center of the illicit activity. In the narrow inlets of the Highlands and the sandy approaches to Shark River, the bootlegger and rum runner engaged in a lively and continuous contest with the Coast Guard.

There was big money to be made thriving in the booze, and the rum runners soon became almost as highly organized as their legal foes. A shipload of liquor from France or England would anchor out beyond the 12-mile limit, in international waters. The Coast Guard knew it was there, and also knew the liquor would be transhipped to powerful speedboats at night for the run into shore. After dark the sea throbbled with the sound of high-powered engines. Some belonged to the rum runners, others to the Coast Guard cutters. Still others belonged to liquor pirates, who hoped to hijack the cargoes; to Treasury Department agents; and to local law enforcement officials. Once the booze was inside the 12-mile limit, it was first come first served, with lively sea battles often erupting on the otherwise peaceful water.

Harried and pursued by friends and foes, the cagey rum runners soon adopted a standard method of packing the valued cargo in case they were overtaken and boarded. Captain Martin H. Isaksen, 77, of Leonado, New Jersey, who has skip-

pered a fishing boat in the area for over 57 years, recalls how the rum runners avoided capture:

"After going out about 5 in the morning, I'd see a speedboat coming over the horizon, chased by other boats. Sometimes they were shooting it out back and forth.

"The booze boys knew that their best defense was to have their boat clean when the Coast Guard overtook them, so they packed cases in fishing nets with bouys attached or waterproof flashlights tied on ropes attached to the nets, so they'd float a couple of feet under the surface of the water. When the authorities closed in, the rum runners dumped the nets over the side, figuring it would be easy to come back later, drag for the net, and hoist the liquor aboard, this time in safety.

"But all too often the propellers of the chase boat cut the marker lines, or the flashlights burned out. When the rum runner came back, his precious cargo was lost forever."

"Forever" certainly describes the losses to the bootleggers when this happened, but it has no bearing on the good fortunes of the Belford fishermen. Adept at chart reading and thoroughly familiar with the waters, they just marked their charts with an X and pulled up the booze during the normal course of a day's fishing operations.

"It got so bad the Coast Guard was paying more attention to us than they were to the rum runners," Isaksen laughs. "We were all pulling up booze, to drink it ourselves instead of selling it. Over a period of a few years I guess we lost about a dozen fishermen, who drank themselves to death or got loaded and wrecked their boats."

Then came Repeal, and there was legal liquor again. Until the beginning of World War II the Belford fishermen continued to pull up booze without interference from the authorities, who had lost interest in the game.

"We only stopped after the beginning of the war," says Isaksen. "Somehow it didn't seem very patriotic to be drinking free booze while men were having their heads shot off defending our right to drink it. Besides, with all the restrictions and fuel rationing, we had a hard-enough job just fishing."

VJ day brought a new turn in the booze fishing industry, however. As
(Continued on page 61)



"Now what have you been up to?"

The Amazing

THEY'RE THE FINK
BALL CLUB OF ALL TIME
BUT ALSO BASEBALL'S
GREATEST BOX OFFICE
ATTRACTION!

By CLYDE HIRT

■ Four years ago Casey Stengel stood before a packed assemblage of newsmen in a midtown New York City hotel and denounced the Yankees. Virtually everyone in that room was in sympathy with the growling "Old Professor." After all, the ungrateful Yankees had just finished firing Casey, one of baseball's all-time great managers because he was too old. What's more, adding insult to injury, the Bronx high command had had the colossal nerve to give Stengel his walking papers only days after the Yankees had lost the final game of a wild 7-game World Series with the Pirates in the last half of the 9th inning.

Little did the angry and wounded Casey dream then that (Continued on page 65)





GUYS, DOLLS AND LIBIDOS — JUST FOR YOU, SIR!



"I'll bet I missed the best part!"

"It was driven by an old call girl who only used the back seat!"

JAKE'S USED





Brian "Hello, Fred? ... We can have the game here, after all!"



"Are you going
to fool with those
dishes all night?"

Brian

The diamond garter BURLESQUE DAYS

IN 1900, 10¢ BOUGHT A HOT ACT AND A CHANCE TO CATCH THE STAR'S GARTER

The glittering diamonds with their many reflecting and highly valued facets that embellished the leg band of a headlined busty babe of burlesque in that flamboyant era at the turn of the century, were as real as the stars in the skies. Before elaborating on the diamond garters of old-time burlesque, however, it is appropriate to enlighten the reader as follows:

James Buchanan Brady was born in New York City in 1856 and died in 1917. His predilection for the best diamonds that money could buy made him famous as "Diamond Jim" Brady. He was an American financier and philanthropist, and one of Broadway's most colorful night-life figures in the Gay 90's. He weighed about 250 pounds and had three strikes on anybody who tried to out-eat him. Diamond Jim, with money to burn, varied the sparkling ice he flashed with his \$200 suits, changing his diamond display daily to fit in with the particular occasion.

For example, when he visited the race track (Jim owned a great stable of horses) he sported a big diamond horseshoe pin on his tie, the head of a horse skillfully set in the center. Diamond Jim always wore dia-

mond-studded garters. Some of his lavish parties, which often included the entire cast of a Broadway musical, ran a tab of over \$100,000. He spent millions with a smile and bequeathed millions to New York hospitals.

Diamond Jim made all the rich night-life prowlers look like pikers when he gifted Lillian Russell with a diamond-studded bicycle. She was educated in Chicago and also studied singing in the Windy City. In 1879 she made her professional stage debut in New York City in the role of Josephine in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." The striking beauty distinguished herself as one of the most noted American singers of her time. From 1899 to 1904 Lillian Russell was in the cast of the noted Weber and Fields Burlesque Company of New York.

Diamond Jim once begged glamorous Lil to marry him. He said: "I'll give you a million dollars in cash for a wedding present." But she rejected his proposal, as politely as she knew how, embellishing her words with the softness that was characteristic of the Lillian Russell charm.

So, it was quite apparent that Diamond Jim's diamond-studded garter idea rubbed off on some of the fabulous footlight tantalizers of burlesque. This was evidenced, for the first time, when the Trocadero Burlesque Theater in Chicago ran an ad in the Sunday *Inter Ocean*, Aug. 12, 1900, which featured "The Dance of the Diamond Garter, with the French Maids Burlesquers."

At this point, however, before giving you the real picture of the diamond garter gals who were the pampered luscious lovelies of those good old burley days, let's go back to the '90's.

The first burlesque theater in Chicago was Hannah & Hogg's Madison Street Opera House (Captain G. L. Hogg, manager), between State and Dearborn Streets in the downtown section known as the Loop. For the grand opening, as revealed in the *Inter Ocean* ad, Aug. 23, 1891, they billed "The London Girls in Red,

with 35 Artists." This was the initial hypo for burlesque in the Windy City which, in later years, became the burley mecca, and ballyhooed nature's exquisiteness of perfection in the female form.

On January 10, 1892, as documented in the *Inter Ocean*, Sam T. Jack took over the house. He gave the sore eyes of femme fanciers a real



One curvy "Belle of Baghdad" who made eyeballs pop at Jack's Chi exotism. treat, billing: "The Creole Burlesque Co.—50 Olive-Hued Sun-Tinted Silrens."

That made the breathless burley addicts, bunched up on the sidewalk as they clamored for tickets, look like a virtual uprising.

In the following week's *Inter Ocean* ad, Jan. 17, 1892, Sam T. Jack enlightened the readers with these magic words: "The Only Exclusively Burlesque House in the World." During the ensuing nine weeks business boomed so tremendously that the great purveyor of pulchritude was inspired to pat himself on the back in the same paper on March 27, 1892, with this bold-face blurb: "This Is the House That Jack Built." And, brother, that laid it right on the winning line.

(Continued on page 62)



Impresario Sam T. Jack, whiz at writing news ads for burley house, made fortune.

By RAY HIBBELER



*Belly-twisting Little Egypt packed them in
at 1893 Chi World's Fair and Sam T. Jack's*



MAURINE GAFFNEY

IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL OF FUN

Actress, ballet dancer, singer and model, Maurine Gaffney owes the start of her four-star career to a high school boy friend who secretly sent in her picture to a local Junior Chamber of Commerce beauty contest. Maurine ("I'm three-quarters Irish and just a little bit French") promptly walked away with first prize and became Miss Summer Festival of 1951.

"Marvelous things happened after that," says Maurine. Publicity pictures led to modeling assignments and a theatrical agent who learned that Maurine had studied ballet for seven years and promptly got her dancing roles in several movies and the road company of "West Side Story."

Maurine found traveling on bus and train





from town to town, performing before the "heart of America," a thrilling experience. She's settled in Hollywood at the moment but keeps herself limber at the ballet bar, for her agent is negotiating another road company role for her.

As busy as Maurine is with her career, she's a fun girl, too, and has boundless energy for swimming, tennis, water skiing and touch football. She adores the company of men, feels they are easier to talk to and make truer friends than other girls. She likes a man who will make a pass at the proper moment (and take no for an answer in a gentlemanly way), but also considers it a great compliment that many men call her a pal.



NEW BREED OF TREASURE



Louis Jolivet, who started the fad of electronic treasure hunting in New England, works on a pocket-sized metal detector.

**LATEST TREASURE-HUNTING CRAZE IS A SIMPLE ELECTRONIC DEVICE
RESEMBLING A GEIGER COUNTER TO LOCATE GOLD OR OTHER METAL
OBJECTS BURIED UP TO A FOOT DEEP IN THE EARTH OR SAND**

■ On the much-trampled sands of a resort beach one sunny day recently a young man wearing earphones and carrying a device resembling a Geiger counter stooped and dug a hole with his bare hands. A moment later he straightened up, holding an ancient solid gold coin!

To the excited crowd of onlookers, it was their first look at a new hobby which promises to sweep like wildfire across the nation. The homemade "metal sniffer" had detected the tiny coin buried a foot deep in the sand. It was only part of the day's haul: four rings, a brooch, two earrings (not a pair), \$6.75 in regular modern U.S. coins, an assortment of bottle caps, a rusty cigarette lighter, and a key chain with four old keys.

Electronic treasure hunting requires only a lightweight, self-contained metal detector and a bit of intuition. Snap on the switch, adjust the soft electronic "howl," then start walking, holding the dish-shaped loop or antenna close to the surface of the ground. When the apparatus passes over a spot where anything of metal is buried, the audible signal ceases abruptly; or, in the case of some commercial models, it rises sharply to a high-pitched squeal. Move away a few inches and the sound returns to normal.

The principle on which the sniffer works is somewhat involved to the layman, but any radio repairman or person with a fair background in practical electronics is capable of building his own detector. (Continued on page 58)

HUNTER

By MILTON G. LAMBERT

12
"SUBTLE"
WAYS
TO TELL
IF
YOUR WIFE
IS
UNFAITHFUL

1

She has always taken a bath only at night. Now she bathes each morning before going out, and with perfume yet. Her usual evening bath, however, still lacks every trace of scent!

2

She is a devoted camera bug and takes thousands of photographs yearly, all of which she pastes neatly into albums. The album of 1963 contained 976 pictures of you and 3 of your best friend Harry, but 1964's album already contains 1,741 pictures of Harry, and only 98 of you. You will not notice this until three years from now!

3

You are unexpectedly ill and must stay home from the office. There is no maid and the drugstore, being short of help, does not deliver. So-o-o your wife goes out for aspirin. Meanwhile, you are astonished when the good-looking young grocery clerk delivers the groceries in the bedroom!

Heppily married? House almost paid for? No worries? Well then, just skip these two pages. What's that? Maybe things have seemed a little different lately? Probably just your imagination. . . Don't say I didn't warn you. About what? Well, read on, meo, read on . . .

By DR. IRWIN ROSS

4

Your wife becomes terror-stricken and breaks into tears when you announce that your company has transferred you to a much better position in a distant city, and you must both pack up and leave town within a week!

5

For several months she has been receiving flowers anonymously, over which she pretends the greatest mystification. She is obviously excited and pleased, however, and is as happy as a kid with a cookie jar until the flowers stop coming, and then she suddenly becomes very depressed and even suicidal!

6

In her innocent and trusting years she always talked in her sleep. Now she doesn't any more. She now has nightmares, however, in which she screams that you are murdering her!

7

She has recently bought a box of very expensive monogrammed writing paper. Day after day it disappears, although she never writes a letter!



8

Your best friend's dog will attack everyone except your wife—who hates dogs!

9

Color Test: Whenever she walks between you and your best friend, her left hand holding your right arm is normally pink, whereas her right hand holding his left arm is squeezed white!

10

Her brand-new and favorite bedroom slippers disappeared just three months ago. Today they have reappeared as if by magic, and rather worn at that!



11

She is the most unpunctual person in the world, still she has developed the habit of meeting you punctually at the airport whenever you have been out of town. She has trained you to expect this, and to send her a telegram with the exact date of your arrival!



12

A new and unprecedented sight . . . whenever you arrive home, the seat in the bathroom is invariably up!

The writer has purposely left most of this blank so that the reader may use it to jot down the name of a good lawyer.

NEW BREED OF TREASURE HUNTER

[Continued from page 55]

Basically, a pair of tuned oscillators operate on a "beat" frequency which creates a distinctive, audible signal for the operator. Then, as the loop passes over buried metal, the magnetic field emanating from the antenna is disturbed, and this disruption of its normal pattern produces a change in the audible signal.

Is there enough buried treasure to make such a hobby worth-while? Plenty, according to Louis Jolivet, who started the fad in New England and is president of the Detectore Club.

"The best source of loot," he advises, "is the seashore or inland lake where bathers congregate during the summer. At a big beach like Coney Island, there must be hundreds of dollars a day lost in the sand, just in small change alone."

Sand, he says, quickly buries small objects, but surprisingly, it preserves them a few inches below the surface, sometimes for many, many years. The famed Spanish pieces of eight, many of them hundreds of years old, are fairly common along the Massachusetts coast. Louis has found several of these old silver coins as well as modern money, a few diamond rings, ancient flintlock guns, pewterware, daggers, and of course, rusty bolts and other hardware from ships that were lost at sea.

Every community has its folklore about rich old eccentrics who died and left a fortune hidden in the yard, under the barn floor, or in some other such place. Louis likes to check out such rumors. On weekends, when he can get away from his regular job with the Western Electric division of the telephone company, he visits abandoned old farms and historical sites, old battle-grounds and the lake in the southern New Hampshire area or the towns and villages of the Merrimack Valley near his home in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

He begins to concentrate on the bathing beaches toward the end of summer as the swimming season comes to a close. Occasionally he travels with friends who have small boats to the offshore islands and remote beaches where persistent legends say that pirate treasure was buried. Have these excursions paid off?

"Only in fun," he admits. "A few old coins get us all excited. But I haven't found that big chest of gold and jewels yet."

The metal detector is a direct descendant of military mine detection equipment developed during World War II. Modern transistor circuitry and other new techniques have reduced it from a truck-mounted monstrosity to a device light enough to be carried in one hand by a small girl. Louis claims to have the smallest, lightest and most sensitive version on the market; he manufactures the units in his spare time at home. Prices vary from \$49.50 for the smallest ones—which will find a coin under 6 inches of sand or an object like a flat-iron at more than a foot—to the larger, somewhat heavier models with greatly increased sensitivity, costing close to \$100. Compare this with the cost of a skin-diving outfit at \$300 to \$500, and with the skin diver's ordinary treasure

which consists of a few lobsters or fish, and you have the secret of the appeal that this new hobby holds for all ages.

The metal detector operates on a couple of dry cells at a cost of less than a penny per hour. Some types have a plug-in earpiece to permit the operator to hear the faintest change in signal, perhaps indicating something buried quite deep or a very tiny object nearer the surface. Every type of metal gives a telltale signal, not merely ferrous metals (iron-based and magnetic). It will not respond to non-metallic objects such as buried bottles, wood, bone or plastic.

Will a metal detector actually pay for itself? It will, if used frequently enough and in likely places. As the user becomes more skilled in recognizing the response of the instrument, his treasure hunting becomes more productive. But even a beginner usually manages to find something.

That's the final word of advice to would-be treasure hunters: "Forget the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Your local swimming area holds more treasure. One reward is dead certain: as a hobby, it's more fun than you could imagine." ●

IVIE'S BAR

[Continued from page 26]

bar before. "I suppose if I say I do not believe that you have 16 toes on each foot, you will somehow prove mathematically or logically that you do have 16 toes on each foot, and I will lose the bet and have to buy you a drink."

"No," said the man sitting next to me, "I'm not interested in betting." He smiled. "I'm interested in getting rid of 23 extra toes."

I stared thoughtfully at the bottles above the bar. "Perhaps," I said, with a certain drunken confidence, "perhaps you should go to a doctor, a podiatrist or something like that."

"I went to a foot doctor once," said the man sitting next to me. "He said there was nothing he could do for me, but he wanted to take pictures of my feet."

"I will not reply that he was probably a foot fetishist," I said, "because that is a pretty obvious joke. However, you can hardly blame him for wanting to take a picture of 16 toes on one human foot."

"That is true," said the man sitting next to me. "What are you drinking?"

"I am drinking straight bourbon whiskey," I said. "I am going to get intoxicated."

"A bourbon for my friend here," said the man sitting next to me, hailing the bartender. "And another screwdriver for me." He paid the bartender, and I thanked him by raising my glass.

"Look," he said, "I'm going to show you 16 of my toes—one foot only—just to prove to you that I have not been lying about this thing. I seldom do this, but..." He bent down, untied the laces on his right shoe, removed the shoe, and began to pull off his sock.

"Wait a minute," I said, but it was too late. He had his sock off and the end of the foot, in perfect miniature, were sixteen tiny pink toes. I counted them.

"The other foot is the same," he said. "Sixteen on each foot." He smiled, almost proudly.

I sat quietly for a moment, but I

felt a certain elation swelling up within me. "That is truly a remarkable foot," I said to the man sitting next to me. "That is a foot to be proud of. However—I seldom do this, but I think the occasion demands it, and I am, after all, quite blasted, as they say in the better magazines."

I set my glass carefully on the bar, bent over, removed my right shoe and sock, and displayed my foot.

"You're outgunned," I said to the man sitting next to me, feeling incredibly sorry for him as he stared, crestfallen, at the 54 miniature toes wriggling slowly on my right foot. ●

PEGGY LEE

[Continued from page 30]

Among her albums which climbed high on the charts were: "Latin a la Lee," "Things Are Swingin'," "Basin Street East," "Ole a la Lee," "Sugar Spices," "Elvis Came Country," "If You Go," "Pretty Eyes," "Beauty and the Beat," "The Best of Peggy Lee," "Dream Street" and "Pete Kelly's Blues."

"Pete Kelly's Blues" was taken from a 1956 Jack Webb film of the same title. Miss Lee appeared in the picture and won an Oscar nomination as Best Supporting Actress of the Year. Her role was that of a tragic alcoholic blues singer.

She now says of the nomination: "I want to make another movie one of these days to find out if all that business about the Oscar was a fluke. I don't believe it was, but I'll never be sure until I try again."

Peggy and Barbour were divorced in 1961. She next wed actor Brad Dexter, shedding him in 1963, and then married actor Dewey Martin, divorcing him in 1969. Her current husband is Jack Del Rio, who doubles as her conductor. They were married last spring in Miss Lee's Beverly Hills home.

When on the road Miss Lee finds time for little except her performances and consultations with her manager, Barney Ward. She travels with a troupe of eleven, which includes five musicians, a hairdresser, secretary, wardrobe mistress, Ward, Del Rio and her son-in-law, Richard Foster.

At home, in addition to preparing material and planning new shows, she finds time for her hobbies, which are poetry writing, painting and sculpting. Although meticulous about matters concerning her act, her search for perfection extends no further.

"I'm not sure 'perfection' is the right word for me," she says. "I do insist that my performances be as close to perfect as possible. I believe this is only fair to the people who pay a lot of money to see me. Otherwise, I don't look for perfection, not in my life and not in the lives of my friends."

On the subject of slowing down, Miss Lee has been quoted: "When I'm 70 I may stop snapping my fingers when I do my 'Fever' number, but aside from that it will be business as usual."

The key to her durability? Columnist Sidney Fields, who sees her as "a combination of silk, fire and ice," believes it is simply "the music inside Peggy Lee." Add this to her dedication, appearance, taste, talent, business sense and discipline, and we may be getting close to the secret. ●

new, low-cost SERVICE LIFE Insurance hospital plan protects you and your family against staggering medical and prolonged hospital expenses

PAYS YOU \$100⁰⁰ A WEEK FOR 52 WEEKS

YOUR POLICY PAYS \$100.00 A WEEK (WHICH IS \$14.28 PER DAY) FOR 52 WEEKS (\$5200) FOR ANY ONE CONFINEMENT. HALF BENEFITS ARE PAID FOR CHILDREN UNDER EIGHTEEN (\$2600) AT REDUCED RATES. ALL BENEFITS ARE PAID DIRECTLY TO YOU IN ADDITION TO ANY OTHER INSURANCE YOU CARRY!



SHOWING THE 30 STATES THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA

SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED ENROLLMENT OFFER!



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't agree that this policy is the finest there is, just return it within 10 days and receive your dollar back. What could be fairer... more honest? You examine this policy carefully. No salesman will call. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk.

YES, one dollar is all you pay for two full months of hospital protection for you and your entire family if you use the easy-to-fill-out application below.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

EACH PERSON Age	Monthly	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mos.
18 to 30	\$1.50	\$ 4.35	\$ 8.55	\$16.45
30 to 40	2.00	5.60	11.40	21.90
40 to 50	2.50	7.25	14.25	27.40
50 to 59	3.00	8.70	17.10	32.85
60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.25
65 to 69	4.00	11.60	22.80	43.80
70 to 75	7.10	20.40	40.45	77.50
For Each Child Under Age 18	75	2.20	4.30	8.25

For Each Child Under Age 18

Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need just when you need it the most.

This policy helps you afford the best care... the kind that assures a fast return to good health. You may choose your own Doctor of Medicine and enter any hospital equipped for major surgery and providing 24 hour nursing service.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating 30 days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating six months after the policy date.

The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and paid claims.

WHY THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE

Because we employ no salesmen and pay no commissions, we use this means to acquaint you with the tremendous premium savings you get with this policy. It costs a great deal more than \$1.00 to issue this SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED POLICY, but we're willing to risk this initial expense to put the policy in your hands so you can see for yourself how good it is and that you will want to keep it in force.

WHY THESE PREMIUMS ARE SO LOW

Because you deal direct with us, we eliminate high selling costs. We employ no salesmen and pay no commissions. Costs are reduced to a minimum and savings of 25% to 45% are passed on to you in the form of lower premiums.

WHY CLAIMS ARE PAID FAST

Because you deal direct, your claims are processed fast.

used fast. There are no adjusters or district offices for claims to pass through, which could result in loss of time... just when you need extra money the most, and fast. To file a claim, just notify us in writing and claim blanks are sent by return mail, with easy-to-fill instructions. Thus you can get fast action no matter where you live!

SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDED

Your basic policy pays for hospital room, board and general care for covered sickness or accident. At small extra cost, you can add surgical or medical benefits, or maternity benefits to cover pregnancy or its complications, at home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. Loss of Wages Benefits up to \$300 per month are also available at low cost. For information on each, check application blank below when sending your \$1.00 for our Special Offer.

OVER \$18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company, domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than \$18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA

Gentlemen — I am enclosing \$1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant _____ Sex _____

Address _____ Date of Birth _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Height _____ Weight _____

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy.)

	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME			DATE OF BIRTH		MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.											
2.											
3.											
4.											
5.											

Dept. 834 1904 FARNAM ST., OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

- Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?
- Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes _____ No _____
If the answer is yes, please give details _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon accident, disease, or injury arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19____

SIGNATURE

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign

WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your _____ Maternity Benefit Rider ☐
Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Loss of Wages Rider ☐

THE CALL OF THE COO COO

(Continued from page 16)

Well, good old Emma, she was right. I should have known it. The whistle didn't work. When I took it in the woods and blew it at what I believed was a distant double-domed, yellow-eyed fly-catcher, the bird fled. Flew the coop as though I'd taken a shot at it with a 357 Magnum.

For a troubled moment I thought perhaps the whistle needed some delicate adjustment and began fiddling with its clarinet-like reed. But that whistle didn't need any adjustment at all. The way it turned out, I liked it just the way it was.

Admittedly, it was a lousy whistle for calling double-domed, yellow-eyed fly-catchers. But it sure produced results when calling this yellow-crested, full-breasted whatever-she-was.

"You whistled for me?" she asked, seeming to float past a few leaves on a low-lying bush.

"I was astonished I almost swallowed that damn whistle. Finally I blurted: 'What—pardon me—who are you, anyway?'"

"What a question. More accurately, what questions. What, or who, do I look like?"

She sat very gracefully beside me, which was very disconcerting. There was nothing the least bit strange-looking about her, once you got used to the fact that she was quite apparently a beautiful girl, about 19, about 38-32-36, about 5-8½, about 110 or maybe 115, very friendly and not the least shy, considering she was wearing exactly what she was dressed in when she first came into this world.

"To take your questions one at a time," I said gallantly, "you're much too beautiful to look like anyone I've ever seen. So whatever you are must be a delicious dream."

She laughed, cool and sparkly, tossing her head back, enjoying the joke on both of us. "Have it your way," she smiled. It was the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen on a girl anywhere.

So I took her advice and had it my way.

Like she simply disappeared. Don't ask me to explain it. I was merely picking up my whistle and things, and when I looked up I saw the leaves on the low-lying bush swaying again and no other evidence that anyone, girl or bird, had been there. Just this pounding in my heart.

I immediately became such an avid bird-watcher that even Emma looked up from her accounts of the Girl Scouts' cookie drive to get slightly suspicious. Not much, though Emma had long ago given herself a self-critical look, a sort of bargain-basement psychoanalysis, and she had decided that no other female was stupid enough to abide me.

This was the thing that really hurt. Old Emma wasn't suspicious of any girl. God knows, if she had been, I might have felt flattered. But, no, good old Emma was afraid it was indulging in another vice: the ponies.

Emma had never cared for the improving of the breed, including the hu-

man one, judging by our own brood. But she'd never worried about this other sport of mine. She's not brilliant, maybe, but she has enough of a head for figures to realize that my overall average is a good, solid, break-even proposition.

But when I began spending so much of my free time on the trail of the yellow-crested, full-breasted husband-catcher, Emma—trusting soul that she is—was sure that I had finally figured out a sure-fire way to beat the Daily Double.

She and I, at her suggestion, began spending my day-off afternoons at the track, losing good money betting on horses, when I could have been putting the time to advantage with my wonderful bird-girl whistle.

One night in a fit of desperation, weeks after I had last sounded my plaintive mating call of the yellow-crested, full-breasted husband-catcher, I said to her in what I laughingly call my den. My pigeonhole would be more like it.

Anyway, Emma was upstairs putting herself to sleep with the minutes of the last meeting of the Ladies Garden Club when I decided to try the whistle indoors. At the moment I was foolish enough to think myself fortified from any attack of Emma's, verbal or physical, frontal or one of her trick judo approaches.

I had consumed most of a pint of blended whisky, which I had smuggled in among important-looking but meaningless papers, which I always carried in my attaché case just in case I wanted to carry something in it not strictly attaché.

Sitting under the mounted head of the only deer I've ever bagged in my life, back in the sporting days before I met and unfortunately begged Emma, I tentatively sounded a call on the magic whistle.

"Tee-wee-wee-chip-chippy. . . Teetee teetee, teetee chippy. . ."

The loud sound startled me. I hadn't realized it would be so noisy. I sat quiet as a mouse awaiting the slow, deadly circle overhead of a great horned owl. None came. But my yellow-crested, full-breasted husband-catcher did.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, curling up in my lap cat-like and quite unbird-like.

I broke up. "What's wrong?" she asked, a little concerned it seemed about my sanity.

I tried to stifle the laugh. After all, Emma was still upstairs. And if Emma seemed unconscious most of the time, I knew it was just an act.

"You ask me where I've been," I whispered, laughing. "That question is a little like the joke. You know, you phone somebody and say: 'This is Judge Crater. Where is everybody?'"

She was clearly unimpressed with such un-avian jokes. "Who is Judge Crater?" she chirped, running her hand over my face as if to prove it wasn't clothed in feathers.

Then disaster struck—catapulted through the door as though it hadn't

been closed. Catapulting disaster's name was Emma.

"What in the name of God are you doing? Trying to wake up the kids?" she yelled, waking up at least seven of them.

I was too amazed to say anything. Amazed that Emma had to ask what I was doing, with this young creature sitting on my lap.

Slowly it dawned on me why. The reason Emma wasn't already throwing things beside abuse at me, the reason she seemed to be looking right through my playmate was that, for some reason, that was just what she was doing. Looking right through her? Old Emma could not see my bird girl!

Then the creature on my lap did something that terrified me. She spoke.

"What does she want?" the bird girl asked, indicating my wife, the intruder.

Emma didn't hear that, either.

I've only taken enough Physics to get me through three years of college. So don't ask me. Some kind of visual and auditory aberrations, I suppose. You know, you look at a stick in the water and it looks as though it's where it isn't. Something like that.

"Is that why you paid \$5 for this goddam thing, so you could keep the kids awake with it?" Emma demanded, picking up the whistle.

"Not exactly," I said. "Anyway, it was \$5.88. And worth every penny of it."

"Oh, is that so?" Emma reasoned at the top of her lungs.

"Careful," I said.

But before I could move, she had thrown that whistle, that wonderful, magic, million-dollar whistle, on the floor and it broke into about a million pieces.

"My God, look what she's done!" said my nymph.

"My God, look what you've done!" I said to Emma.

"Ha!" Emma said. "Let's see you try to wake up the kids with that!" And she marched out, slamming the door behind her.

Which was fine. Even if my bird girl was invisible to Emma, it somehow didn't seem right to leave the door open.

The whistle lay there, broken and forgotten for a couple of hours, until that impetuous little friend of mine said good night and perched on the ground-floor window before disappearing into the darkness.

"When will I see you again?" I whispered.

"What a question!" She gave me a final, lingering kiss. "You remember that line from the movie, don't you? 'When you want me, say whistle.'"

And before I could protest that whistling for her might not be so easy the next time, she vanished into the night.

You can probably guess the rest. I spent three days trying to glue that whistle back together the way it was. When I saw I couldn't finish the job over the week-end, I phoned the office Monday and told them I was sick.

Emma got so worried about me, she even apologized for breaking my only real link to the wonderful world of nymphs and satyrs.

When I saw the job was hopeless, I embedded a little household money I found in Emma's cookie jar and ordered another whistle. For a week, I posted the box like a madman, waiting for the postman to ring just once.

The whistle arrived, but it was no good. On my first trip to the woods,

The first attempts were fruitless, netting us nothing but a few fish (who wanted them?) and some broken bottles. The water was too deep, and the pressure of the water against the corks had wrecked them. Of the internal pressure in the bottles was too great, and they exploded as they were lifted to shallower depths.

On one pass we brought up a bottle of what looked like Scotch, but when Doran passed it to me to test, I took one look at it and said: "No, thanks!" The cork was rotted, and the liquid inside was slimy and green and crawling with tiny sea creatures.

Then we hit pay dirt, an old case of Scotch snagged in the net. Carefully the booty was swung inboard and released from its coating of slime.

"Don't get your hopes up," Doran warned. "This could be a false alarm like the last one."

We all gathered around as the top was lifted with a screwdriver, the rusted nails breaking off under the first pressure exerted on them in over 30 years. And there it was, a neat row of bottle tops, each with the cork apparently intact.

We poured on the coals and headed for the dock, where the precious cargo was carefully tested and pronounced "as good as the day it was bottled." I took one bottle, Doran and his crew took the rest. And that's the way the day went.

Nobody—not even Doran—knew just how much booze still lies in wait off Belford for the enterprising fisherman or skin diver to go after. But Doran thinks that the bottles number in the hundreds, possibly even in the thousands. Aside from Doran, the best authority on the subject is John E. Werner, manager of the Sea Food Co-op, who sees the booze brought ashore.

"Some of the other men also catch good Scotch and whisky in rakes and traps," he says. "We've also had reports from crab fishermen who have turned up cognac, brandy and brandy. There's plenty of booze still below."

"I've tasted the Scotch, and it's quite good. The secret is in the handling of the cork. It's very soft and tender. Some of the corks are badly deteriorated, but they still prevent the stuff from being spoiled."

And what used to be the worst of the fisherman's worries back in the days of Prohibition—the Treasury Department—has become the least of their worries today, even though every single bottle they release from Davy Jones' clutch is still completely illegal.

"Since the liquor is bootleg, it's quite possible there are violations involved," admits Thomas D. Buckley, head of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Unit of the U.S. Treasury Department in New York City. "The violations are technical, such as importing liquor without a license, having untaxed liquor in your possession, and maybe three or four other violations."

"But we have no plans to send out agents to look over fellows who aren't doing more than having a little fun, unless they try to sell the liquor or too many people try to follow in their footsteps."

"Besides, we just don't have enough manpower in the Tax Unit to watch over every clammer, crabber and fisherman in northern New Jersey." ●

DIAMOND GARTER BURLESQUE DAYS

(Continued from page 48)

The material quoted from ads in this documentary appeared in all Sunday issues of Chicago newspapers, as well as the *Inter Ocean* thus far designated. But to expedite matters, only dates of quoted *Inter Ocean* ads will appear in the rest of this burlesque eye-opener.

Sam T. Jack's powerful words in his ad of April 24, 1892, were: "Lily Clay Colonial Burlesque Co. Handsome Ladies in the Wind. Only Burlesque Stage on Earth. Merry Music, Gay Dancing, A Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul. Come Where the Crowd Comes; You'll Stay Till It Leaves." And a number of stags on the main floor, nearest the stage, were in the habit of remaining in their seats until the rest of the house was emptied, hoping to get a glimpse of a straying temptress in tight.

Genial Sam T. Jack, in hyping his burlesque arena into a gold mine, became the matador of Madison Street in Chicago's Loop. The Windy City welcomed him with open arms. Instead of killing the bulls (the two-legged kind) with a thrust of a sword, he executed a series of passes with the red muleta in the form of advertising his burlesque emporium of footlight kickers and the greatest specialty sirens that ever graced a stage. And the corn he fed to the burlesque bulls through the Chicago newspaper ads made Sam T. Jack one of the most distinguished personalities the Loop has ever known.

When he held over the Lily Clay burlesque babes for another week, his May 1, 1892 ad was corned up with these extra words: "Beautiful Rules With Gentlest Sway, Anthony for Egypt's Queen Plung Rome Away." July 10, 1892 he went on another rhyming binge with a plug for the Maseppa Burlesques, Ida Siddens and Taphoe Toophar, as follows: "Glorious Revels, Sumptuous Sights, A Brev of Beauties in Bonny Tights. Rare Fun From Sweet Beauty's Power, Creating Fun and Folly Every Hour."

The burlesque theme could go on into many volumes. However, due to limited space in this documentary, only some of the highlighted material is used. So we skip more dates and move on to Oct. 9, 1892. Sam T. Jack's billing follows: "Sam T. Jack's Polly Co. Lovely Athenian Girls in Living Pictures, Led by Maud King. The Most Beautiful Women in the World. Here Pleasure Spends Her Silvery Wings and Mirth Holds Court to All Corners. Since the Creation Lowly Woman has been the Theme of the Greatest Poets, Painters and Sculptors." It must be stated that "Living Pictures," as stressed above, was an added attraction in numerous burlesque shows. It meant that the pulchritudinous babes posed virtually in the nude. Whenever there was a complaint from any of the blue-nose brigade, Sam T. Jack defended himself by explaining that it didn't dowdled with art as long as the girls didn't move. And it boiled down to the fact that sex (with Sam) was synonymous with burlesque.

Now we enter the year of the Chicago World's Fair. Rhyming Sam was still coping heavy coin with poetry. April

9, 1893 he billed the City Sports Burlesque Co., and he corralled the ad readers with this creation: "Here Beauty, Wit and Joy Compete to Chase the Golden Hours with Flying Feet, While Europe's Monarchs Never in Their Courts Gazed Upon Charmers Like the City Sports."

This was truly the era of the daily diet of corn in show biz. And the burley birds reeled in it. But Sam T. Jack's, for the first time, encountered burlesque competition in the Windy City in this World's Fair (Columbian Exposition) year. On May 7, 1893, the Trocadero opened its doors with blazing lights at Monroe and Michigan Avenues. The following week, May 14, 1893, the Peoples Theater, State near Harrison Streets, vied for the burley business. Too, Sam T. Jack's, however, had a tremendous following, and the Trocadero and Peoples failed to cut into genial Sam's pipeline to reduce his astronomical take at the box office. The two competitors, however, made out okay with the overflow.

When the Trocadero and Peoples competitive burlesque started seeping through the Loop, Sam T. Jack felt that their managers would have to do a helluva lot of digging down in their brain cells to overtake him in advertising. He was proud of his great achievements in having built his burley palace on poetry, extolling the virtues of the feminine form in all its glory. Although the poetry in his ads was tinged with corn, the timing element was perfect, and it brought the avalanche to his box office. He knew that any man would be certain to find on his stage the type of physical beauty of his dreams.

Then, starting June 18, 1893, genial Sam offered the Sunday amusement-page readers an innovation. In addition to his rhyming words to sell his show, Sam's picture appeared as big as life on the left side of his ad and in all subsequent issues. The readers spotted the ad immediately from then on the photo of the rhyming genius hyped Sam T. Jack's sanctuary of excitement to even greater success.

Hopping to Sept. 17, 1893, Sam T. Jack wowed 'em with this ad: "May Russell Burlesque Co., Headed by Pauline Batcheller A Golden Dream of Life's Roshanizing Pleasures. The Sun of Beauty Shining Over the Sky of Fun, Sight-seers of the Midway View Strange Things, Queer Folks, Gay Dances, and Odd Happenings! But in This Show the Revels Will Find the Sights and Sports of Midway. All Combined!"

Oct. 15, 1893, Sam T. Jack's ad plugged this show: "Marie Sanger Co. Headed by the Peerless Nellie Von Beg. Here Mirth and Beauty Hold the Throne in State, and Entertain Each Day at 2 and 8 Gram Tragedy Was Long Since All the Rage, but Burlesque Now Controls the Modern Stage."

Sam T. Jack was a powerhouse in burlesque in that exciting era of the 1890's. Nov. 5, 1893 he rocked the Windy City when he starred Little Egypt (her name was Fahreda Mahazar) in "On the Midway," fresh from the World's Fair. She was the first hootchy-kootchy dancer America had ever seen. The pandemonium at Sam's Madison Street burlesque emporium, with the dynamic Damascus dancer spotlighted on the stage, was indescribable. The Syrian bombshell had her acts of male viewers bounce off her curves like rubber balls. Although many women had seen

her performance at the World's Fair Midway, a number of them made their first visit to Sam T. Jack's show of shocks, with burning curiosity, to ascertain precisely "what-has-he-got-that-I-wish-I-had."

Sam T. Jack, in his ad of March 4, 1894, ran Lester & Williams' Burlesque Co. He proudly pounded the blurb of "\$2,000 Weekly Salary List" to tie in with: "Handsome and Astounding Acres from Les Ambassadeurs' Captivating Cantatrices from Gaiety Chantants. Jeannes Bonne. Grace from Les Jolies Berpoes. Ravishing Butterflies from La Champs Elysees."

Dec. 23, 1894, the ballyhooed, "Bob Fitzsimmons' Crown Burlesque Co." The magic pugilistic names of that era also represented a tremendous draw at the box office.

On May 26, 1895, the great Sam T. Jack, with plenty of guts and that keep-their-coming spirit, played: "Adam and Eve Burlesque. March of the Altogether in the Garden of Eden. Highest Price 25c." That meant they had plenty of dome seats as well.

Sept. 15, 1895, clever coin-copping Sam ran this eye-opener: "Burlesque of an Adamless Eden, 40 Peerless Eves, Fairer Than Adam Ever Saw." And the burley bulls believed every word of it.

The next year, beginning May 25, 1896, Sam T. Jack's palace of pulchritude advertised 10-20-30 cent prices. Billing on this date was the Orange Blossoms. The rhyming bait was: "Startling Sensations Come from France's Shore, but This Equals All Things They've Yet Sent O'er."

Aug. 23, 1896 Sam T. ran an extra added attraction, with a repeat burlesque, that set the Windy City agog. Pipe this: "Sleepy Burke, Champion Safe Cracker, Will Appear at Every Show."

Now we'll skip many more dates to bring this documentary closer to elaborating upon the diamond-studded garter girls in the 1900's. So, stating that off a little longer, on March 7, 1897, Sam T. Jack's ran a repeat for another box-office smash, filling the ad with bold-face type: "The Original and Only Egypt. And at 10-20-30 cent prices."

Passing up many more months, we come to Sept. 25, 1898, when Sam T. Jack's billed Weber and Fields Glad Hand Co. On the same date the new Gaiety burley house opened, opposite City Hall on Washington Street, which plugged Bryant and Watson's Australian Beauties. They featured: "40 Pretty Girls and 10 Witty Men in the Laughable Burlesque 'The Typewriter's Wedding.'" The Gaiety, too, was 10-20-30 cents, and the great Sam T. Jack merely welcomed the additional competition with a laugh.

In the summer of the next year, July 23, 1899, Sam T. Jack's announced: "The Parisian Doll Co., Featuring the Nymph's Fountain." This was another great stimulant for the stage.

The Trocadero, which had moved to State and Van Buren, on Sept. 10, 1899 ballyhooed the City Club Burlesques: "Loveliness in Radiant Tights." The following week, Sept. 17, the Trocadero's competitive advertising took on momentum in the game of "survival of the fittest," when they billed: "The Real Thing, Boye! Irwin's Burlesques! Smoking Concerts in the \$10,000 Palm Garden (Continued on page 64)"

BILL TROUBLES?
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO \$9,000.00
BAD CREDIT - NO PROBLEM - NOT A LOAN CO
SEND YOUR NAME FOR FREE APPLICATION
ATLANTIC ASSOCIATES - DEPT. 23
144 WESTMINSTER ST. PROVIDENCE 3 R I

PUT ZIP
in your mail

Include ZIP CODE NUMBERS in ALL ADDRESSES

FREE 32 Page Catalog
Featuring
Gorgeous Girls

You see the glamorous blonde. She shows you all of the intimate women wears in her body. She's not on any list. She's wearing Baby Dolls, Sheer Negligees and more after bedtime. Fashion list before you try. Send today for Big Size Catalog.

Enter 25c to cover handling.

VOGUE SHOPS Dept. 1-1
1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

For Those Who Do Not Want GREY HAIR

"TOP SECRET makes my hair look as it did years ago," says a woman whose husband, James Garber, "I advised results after just a few applications. And TOP SECRET is as easy to use - doesn't stain hands or scalp. TOP SECRET is the only hair dressing I use!"

A FAVORITE OF THE STARS

TOP SECRET has been a favorite with movie personalities. It makes hair become lustrous, restores a natural looking color. It does not irritate the scalp, or cause itching. It does not wash out. Send for your free sample today. No money back guarantee. (Consent for printing, 1951-1952. No other artists. Movie Deal is not affiliated with name of Ben Belton.)

ALBIN OF CALIFORNIA
Room 1218, 1014 N. Hollywood Way
Burbank, California

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration. Phonograph Records Made.

CROWN MUSIC CO., 48 W 32 St., Studio 102 New York 1

Career Opportunity as a Private Investigator . . .

Don't expect what you can't see. A good career. Learn from the professionals in the privacy of your own home. Be your own boss. Send for information today!

CIVIL INVESTIGATIVE TRAINING
P O Box 265, Dept. A, Lockhart, Florida

Help yourself as you help your country BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS IS YOUR HAIR GROWING OR GOING?

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In women, **Ward's Formula** lifts these three primary germ organisms causing normal growth. The has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's results: restores hair growth, stops scalp itching, keeps hair smooth, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous **Double - Your Money Back - Guarantee**. Only 1/3% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance. Trust your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk - in only 10 days you must see the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your refund must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must grow more slowly and stop. Your hair loss due to whether recent stop of your hair loss is the permanent scalp pattern baldness type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, except **Double - Your Money Back** for your double. If your hair loss is due to seborrhea, you must be satisfied with the results. You must be completely satisfied or simply return the unused portion for your double refund. We take all the risk. So why delay? Deliver your scalp your hair.

H. H. WARD & CO., INC. DEPT. 513H
80 West 34th Street, New York 18 N. Y.

Each Ward's Formula is made in our own laboratory, analyzed by 15 tests to give GUARANTEE results or complete refund. **Ward's** makes more of this kind and more of this kind.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Enclosed \$1.00 and stamped envelope with money order, please send \$1.00 to you. **Ward's** will send you \$2.00. **Ward's** will send you \$2.00.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Stand in front of a mirror. Take a long hard look at the top of your head. Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any new hair growth?

If your answer is no, it is important that you take steps today to save the hair you now have. If you act now, you may be able to reverse the trend on your head. You may be able to grow new hair faster than it is falling out. Don't that make sense to you? Wouldn't you like to look in the mirror a year from now and see more hair on your head than you see now? Why lose your hair if you don't have to?

CAN YOU SAVE YOUR HAIR?

Every year thousands of men and women go bald—needlessly—because of a scalp infection. This scalp infection is called seborrhea. Doctors say that three germ organisms cause seborrhea: *malassezia*, *trichophyton*, and *micrococci*. These germs attack the sebaceous glands and the hair follicles themselves. If not checked, permanent damage is done. The hair follicles stop, and their ability to produce new hair. The result: permanent baldness.

You can easily tell if you are a victim of seborrhea. If you have itchy scalp, dandruff, hair loss, very dry or oily scalp, the chances are that you have seborrhea. Neglect these symptoms and you invite baldness.

Treat your scalp to Ward's Formula. This amazing scalp medicine quickly controls seborrhea and stops the hair loss it causes.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and more or less lost, for which neither the Ward treatment nor any other treatment is effective.



Cafe." This was in the lower level under the burlesque theater.

The same date, the billing of Sam T. Jack's was: "European Sensation Burlesquers. Very Frenchy." That Frenchy stuff paid off big at the box office.

The next week, Sept. 24, 1909, the Troadero's ad read: "The New Burlesque Palace. Line Up, Boys! They're Here! The Jolly Orass Widows!"

The Troadero, Nov. 28, 1909, announced "Karina, the Gay Parisian," and added: "The New Ground Floor Burlesque Palace." When Jan. 21, 1910 rolled around, the Troc was really jumping with a featured attraction: "The Original Little Egypt." The following week the Troc enjoyed another rocking box office when Little Egypt was held over. And Feb. 25, 1910 found the Troc in the big dough. Their billing was: "See Mile. Dika, The Artists' Model, Parisian Sensation."

March 18, 1910, the Troc's prices were 10-20-30-50 cents. Their eye-catcher was: "See the Sapho Burlesquers. Copy of Book Given with Every 50c Sale." A guy who could afford 50c in those days was well up in the chips.

April 22, 1910 the Troc had a unique billing in: "Female Seminary Burlesquers, Presenting La Mahille," and plugged the Frenchy stuff which apparently rubbed off from Sam T. Jack's. The following week, April 29, the Troc headlined: "Tuxedo Club Burlesquers, European Importation, with Zolo, Positive Sensation."

Sam T. Jack's, May 20, 1910, eyeballed 'em with: "The Marmion Burlesquers—Many Pleasures, Many Wives, Dreamy Beauties, Easy Loves." June 8, 1910 the great Sam T. gave 'em the Oriental treatment. The billing was: "The Girl from Japan, Performing the Bashful Venus."

The Troc's heavy business didn't slow down Sam T. Jack's one iota. As a matter of fact, both burley houses were coming with a bang. Then on Sept. 23, 1910, a new ad appeared—Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall in the Loop, and billed: "New York to Peek-In Burlesquers—a Sheik's Slave. With a Chorus of 40."

The burley shows in the Windy City were as hot as hades, and the blue-necked followers couldn't do a thing about it.

Oct. 28, 1910, Hurtig & Seamon's ran this ad: "Pan American Burlesquers with La Surprise! Every Orchestra Seat Reserved, 25c." This was a new switch in price advertising.

The old Troadero, however, was hitting on all cylinders. Their ad, Feb. 10, 1911, gave the ad spotters something new to think about. The billing was: "Majestic Burlesquers—Chicago's Society Star, Flore Van Schank, in Tights."

At this point, further enlightenment is given on the burlesque diamond-studded garter fad which started at the turn of the century. As mentioned in the first part of this burley eye-opener, the "Dance of the Diamond Garter" was featured for the first time at the Trocadero as depicted in their ad of Aug. 12, 1910. Now the old Troadero's ad of March 31, 1911, spotlighted: "Made-moiselle Cleo, the Girl in Red." She was one of the great garter-tossing tantalizers who set the town on its proverbial ear. The others, the Girl in Blue and the Girl in Black, will be mentioned a little later.

The Girl in Red did her "Dance of the Diamond Garter" and all eyes were glued to the luxurious, glittering orna-

mentation on a beautifully-sculptured leg sheathed in black net. The pandemonium of the men in the audience was so great that many a stag was overly stimulated and stood up, taking a chance on getting his head knocked off. The diamond-studded garter, which sparkled all over the place, had a tremendous psychological effect upon the virile viewers. And on the luscious lovely's other leg were about three red garters hugging her flesh, with a likeness of herself on each of the attached buttons. These perfumed leg bands, devoid of sparklers of course, became collectors' items. When they were tossed to the riotous spectators—one at a time and quite a tantalizing wait between each toss—the theater was a bedlam. Obviously only some of the men on the main floor nearest the stage were the lucky ones.

Just before she made her final exit, curvaceous Cleo would take off her diamond garter and kiss it affectionately. Then she'd go through the motion of pretending to get ready for the grand toss of that sparkling treasure to some yelling, breathless, half-dry dope. With a cluck swing of her arm, but tightly clutching the gemmed leg band, she'd make with the siren's smile and put it back on her beauteous gam. As she walked off the stage the sensational sex-pot would throw kisses to the panting stags.

The old Troc had to keep up the pace in bait billing after rocking the town with the Girl in Red. So on April 14, 1911, the following ad did the trick: "Night Owl Burlesquers—Under the Red Lounge Something Cute and Frenchy."

With that kind of splurge, the stags gave their opera glasses a good workout. They were determined to get a close-up of that Frenchy business under the red lounge.

On May 12, 1911 the Troc's ad hyped the one with: "Miss New York Jr. Burlesquers. Extra—the Zulu Babes! Warm, Isn't It?" And on June 2, 1911, the Troc brought on another chunk of bait worth mentioning: "Merry Widows Burlesquers—A Night in an Optum Joint. (Smoke Up, Boys!)"

The latter crack in print wasn't exactly a farfetched phrase. There were two opium joints on the fringe of the Near South Side red-light region (well-known as the Levee), a stone's throw from the Troadero, where the dream pipe was available. And if the bamboo puffer had the extra spinach to spend, he could hit the hay with a Chinese cutie.

More about the diamond garter: The Troadero, Nov. 24, 1911, bombarded Chi with one of the great stunts in burlesque history of that era when they billed: "Millicie de Leon, the Girl in Blue, with the Thoroughbred Burlesquers." This pulse-pounding thoroughbred was the original garter-tossing sensation and was well-established with the Windy City burley stags, having tossed perfumed blue garters with the elaborate imprint of her picture the previous year. On June 17, 24 and July 8, 1911 at the Troc, and July 8, 1911 at Sam T. Jack's.

At that time this hottest of all garter-tossing headliners did not include the glittering garter gimmick. She introduced it into her act on Nov. 24, 1911, and she rocked the rafters. In the earlier days of the 1900's, however, Millicie de Leon on occasion allowed a few men up on the stage, one at a time, to take off her garter, souvenir of her gorgeous gam. This was in addition, of course, to throwing a greater number

of garters to men in the audience than the Girl in Red and the Girl in Black. But the diamond-studded elastic band remained on her shapely leg.

Grown into the Christmas holiday season, the Troc had to have mighty strong billing to follow the grand old Girl in Blue. So, on Dec. 15, 1911, they ran this eye-catcher: "Rice & Barton's Big Gaiety Co. Featuring Little Africa, Direct from Paris."

The next year, July 6, 1912, Sam T. Jack's eyeballed 'em with: "Yum Yum and Leg-mania Burlesque Co." And the great Sam T.'s prices took on a new look to match the Troadero's 10-20-30-50.

Speeding it up for lack of space, Feb. 8, 1913, the Hopkins's (State near Harrison) flashed a unique ad: "Raiding the Tenderloin Burlesque." This proved to be a real clincher for a new competitor. And it also reminded the habitués of Chi's red-light district (the Levee, just a short distance from the theater on the Near South Side) that they were in for a real raid in that era. In fact, the red lights which appeared above the transoms of many rows of houses were actually signs of welcome without molestation from the police.

The Troadero's ad, April 28, 1913, proudly shouted this combination: "Gay Deceiver Burlesquers—3rd Wee! Girl in Blue." Having anchored this hot headliner for 21 days, the Troc needed more magnetic attractions. For example, May 31, 1913, they ran this: "Engagement Extraordinary—Charmion, the Torrid Trapezeist Who Disrobes in Mid-air." Needless to say, they panicked at the box office. On July 5, 1913, for the summer heat, the diamond-garter-tossing Girl in Blue was repeated for another run to insure hefty shekels at the ticket box. She was virtually a fixture at the old Troc.

Now we'll skip a couple years to July 9, 1915, when the Troc ran this eye-popper: "5th Avenue Belles—Semper Glovina, She Dances Peculiar." Yeah, man, that's just the way the ad was printed. It was enough to bring on the avalanche.

Then, April 9, 1916, the Polly (formerly Peoples and Hopkins's) hyped business with: "Indian Maiden Burlesquers 33 Fair Voluptuous Squaws." May 21, 1916, the Troc inserted this sizzler: "Ripe Cherries Burlesquers—Come and Pick One." The Windy City burley binge was getting hotter and hotter. July 30, 1916, the Troc pulled 'em in, but terrifically, with this bait: "High School Girls Burlesque."

There were no more Sam T. Jack's ads after the above date. The burlesque bar on apparently had to relinquish the Madison Street gold mine in favor of a department store expansion program. But the great Sam T. Jack's success in exploiting well-stocked arenas, which doled out with his coin-copping corn in ad poetry, netted him a mighty fortune.

The closing of Sam T. Jack's brought into existence another very prominent burlesque theater. Sid J. Eason's, at Clark and Kinzie Street, a hop, skip and jump from the Clark Street Bridge (at the Chicago River) on the Near North Side. Sid J. Eason was formerly associated with Sam T. Jack's. In his Nov. 26, 1915 ad he announced that he would stage the good old Sam T. Jack's shows. Incidentally, when I went to the little shaver I happened the Clark Street cable cars with a buddy of mine selling newspaper. That same Clark Street Bridge

was the end of our route. Then we'd work the cables going back north, after which we'd head south again to the bridge. One afternoon, as we were hopping the cars in a light rain, my buddy slipped on the wet pavement and a wheel cut off his toes. I jumped off the cable, carried him to the curb, and an ambulance rushed him to the hospital. When gangrene set in they had to amputate his foot. Later he learned to manipulate his crutches so well, he could run faster than any kid in our neighborhood.

Getting back to Sid J. Euson's theater—he prospered, playing the weekly change in burlesque traveling shows, and April 1, 1906 he ran his photo on the left side of ad, as well as in all subsequent issues, as had Sam T. Jack.

Sid's billing on this date was: "Bohemian Belles Co. 50 Smart Show Girls. The Idea of Dinky Doo. All Fun—Big Living Pictures."

As you will recall, I described the living pictures excitement in the Sam T. Jack's ad of Oct. 9, 1902. No wonder Sid J. Euson was rolling in dough. He got the spice of the stunts in every show. Three weeks in succession, beginning June 10, 1906, he starred the Girl in Blue. The following year, Jan. 6, 1907, his ad revealed this package deal: "New York Stars Burlesquers Joe Gans, Champion of the World, with Maryland Tyson and Her Parisian Belle." But on March 3, 1907 and a week after, Millie de Leon, the Girl in Blue, was again billed with the bulls with her sparkling garter, and making a lot of them happy by tossing souvenir leg bands to take home. And when the Girl in Blue came back, Sept. 29, 1907, the ad—for the very first time in Chicago—carried this magnetic phrase: "Catch a Garter!"

Since that was the ecstatic era of the specialty garter girls, Sid J. Euson was heavily on it and announced the Girl in Black Nov. 17, 1907. This beautiful babe not only tossed black garters to the stimulated stage, but went into her diamond garter dance with variations not seen heretofore. The following week, Nov. 24, 1907, Sid socked the eyeballs with this smash billing: "Golden Crook Burlesquers—With John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain."

This being the 1900's, such an advertised sumptuous show of sexy scenes combined with names of pugilistic fame, at these 10-20-30-50 cent level of prices, brings home the fact that those good old shows are now deeply burned in the past.

Before this burlesque eye-opener comes to a close, however, it must be stressed that the most handsomely equipped burlesque theater in the world opened its doors in Chicago on Feb. 9, 1908, at a cost of nearly a half-million dollars, as documented in the Sunday Inter Ocean and other Chicago newspapers. The catch-a-garter came apparently inspired the theater's name. The massive ad read: "Star and Garter (Madison near Halsted). Grand Gala Opening! 25-35-50c. Gallery 15c. The Most Beautiful Theater in Chicago. Charles Robinson and His Night Owls. Best Light Extravaganzas in America."

There were other burley houses that joined the competitive field in the Windy City with weekly change of traveling shows. They, too, billed the top female stars and the funniest men on earth, which indignantly made Chicago—for even a number of years beyond 1908—the mecca of burlesque, long to be remembered.

THOSE AMAZING METS

(Continued from page 44)

his revenge would come so swiftly or be wrapped in so much irony. Within two years he was to be summoned back to New York to lead the founding Mets out of the wilderness. He was joined at the outset by another Yankee candidate for the rocking chair—the astute George Weiss—and together these battle-hardened baseball men have begun to make the lordly Yankees squirm and fume and fret.

Now as the Mets complete their third year of life on this planet, their place on New York's scene is assured. Whereas the Yankees helped chase the Dodgers and Giants to the Pacific Coast by forever winning, the Mets have endeared themselves to their faithful by becoming the most consistently perfect losers that major league baseball has ever known.

Presumably, to the losers belong the spoils in this case. In the short period of their existence, the winless wonders have outdistanced even the Yankees at the gate. For the second straight season the Mets have attracted more than 1,000,000 admissions, outdrawing their Bronx rivals comfortably. Perhaps Shea Stadium, an obstruction-less baseball park that sits like an unfinished strip of giant tin foil at the elbow of the World's Fair, deserves some of the credit for the amazing rise of the Mets.

But more likely the explanation lies in other directions. Virtually overnight the infant Mets have developed one of the nation's most loyal followings, a diehard cult that neither defeat nor crude play can discourage. Dick Young, the gifted sportswriter of the New York Daily Mirror, pronounced the "New Breed" label on these diehards, and it has stuck.

By and large the Met fans are mainly teenagers who are seeking identity and have identified with the maligned man who stumbles about the diamond at Shea Stadium. Most have heard about the Dodgers and Giants, or to some extent were devotees of those former Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field tenants before they went West. The Mets presented the picture of a kid trying to find his place in a cruel world. "Mom and Pop don't understand" type of reasoning was applied in this case. Hence, the fact that the Mets probably were the worst baseball team ever assembled in 1962 didn't even faze the New Breed. The fans were willing to accept the smallest blessings.

These blessings—such as a random victory over a top-rated team—usually are enlarged far out of proportion so that they create the illusion of good progress. Take the 19-1 triumph that the Mets racked up over the Cubs in the early stages of the 1964 season. Judging by the reception the New Breed gave the news of victory, the impression was circulated that the Mets had done something never equalled anywhere.

Of course, in reality, all the run orgy signified was a club record for the Mets and the welcome end of a particularly disastrous road trip that had seen the winless wonders perform like Little Leaguers against the Houston Colts and others.

Such hysterical reaction has greeted (Continued on page 46)

MARRIED HAPPINESS CAN LAST
FOREVER WITH THESE

**SEX
FACTS**
for
adults
only

THE IDEAL
SEX LIFE

70 Simply Written Frank Chapters for All Ages!

Readers of this all complete book (one of the largest on married sex practice) have learned so much more than they thought possible! Especially every type of married problems and every age is indissolubly treated. Shows how to carry on the defunct institution. Experience the happiest satisfaction of a longer, happier married sex life and abolish the dangers of wrong sex nonsense. 150,000 illuminating words help establish the necessary correct conception between husband and wife. One of the most top to date books. Latest sex improvements, methods, etc., that should be known. This treasure is yours now only \$2.98 (postpaid).

Partial Contents of
"Ideal Sex Life"

- Modern methods of sex hygiene — for male and female sex organs
- Latest sex discoveries for improving sexual practice
- Role of husband and wife in the sex act
- Reactions of man and woman combined
- The perfect sex act
- Step by step plan for wedding night and honeymoon
- Preventing harmful mistakes of new wives and new husbands
- "Reproductive tract" for increasing sex potency of male and woman
- Reactions of the sexual organs
- Sex attraction and art of making for woman, man
- Modern art of mutual sex stimulation
- Natural birth control
- Foreign sex practices
- Attending pregnancy
- Ideal sex techniques and methods for satisfactory sex act
- Overcoming frigidity in women
- Preventing dangers of children's sex life
- Art of love for different ages and types of men and woman
- Advice for aged married people
- Advice for the greatest satisfaction in sex life
- 4 kinds of sexual satisfaction
- Reaching too much or too little sex life
- Overcome physical handicaps for ideal sex practice
- Attending pregnancy
- Reaching dangerous sex relations
- Organic facts of sex. The male and female sex organs
- Stimulating man's sex activity and sex control
- Reaching too much or too little sex
- Performance of coitus, embraces for ideal sex life

**FREE Picture Book
317 Illustrations**

With order of "The Ideal Sex Life" you will receive FREE Picture Book of 317 Illustrations. This book is a complete guide to the sexual life of the human body.

- Human birth control charts
- Factors to know on birth night
- Sex organs illustrated
- Sex life of men and women
- Woman's change of life, menopause
- Character showed days of fertility—sterility
- How sex system of man and woman works
- The objective of sex life
- Sexual contact
- Pictures how anatomy works
- How sex system is produced in man, woman, child, and human

- Science of Discharge
- Sex act registering change of life, pregnancy
- The importance of self satisfaction
- Special Case Studies
- How to treat abnormal cases
- Art of choosing a mate for ideal married sex life
- How many more enlightening chapters—every eye in simple frank words!

Read Both Books Without Buying
VALA PUBLISHING CO., Dept. S-637
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Mail me "THE IDEAL SEX LIFE" in plain wrap (no gift wrapping) with FREE Picture Book (VALUE COMPLETED) 1 with post paid \$2.98 plus postage on delivery. If not satisfied, return 5 days. (No return books) and money will be refunded 100% over 21.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

I check here to save delivery cost by mailing only \$2.98 with outside street money back guarantee. Canadian use Postage, No C.O.D. Send \$3.50.

other accomplishments of the Mets, who though doomed to the cellar long before the season began, reached the heights from time to time by unexpectedly knocking off the Giants, Dodgers and Pirates. Naturally the Mets kept faith with the forecasters by winding up in the National League basement. Nevertheless, they pleased their worshippers occasionally by pushing some teams to the limit. In June, for instance, the Shea Stadium "supermen" carried the powerhouse Giants into 23 innings before capitulating.

Conceivably the New Breed has been charmed by the Mets because they are the outcast or "rat funk" club with the no-account background which is trying to make good in spite of itself. But it would be rather foolish to underestimate the role that Stengel has played. In an intolerable situation, the married 76-year-old Californian has found happiness in Queens with a chronic loser, much as he enjoyed himself in the Bronx making the wheels turn for a persistent winner.

STENGEL knows that he is a transitional Met manager. The man who won 10 pennants in 12 years for the Yankees knows full well that the title flag will never fly at Shea Stadium while he is at the helm. He knows, too, that he is building for the future, for a younger man to pick up the baton and take the Mets to the promised land.

Yes, Casey is doing this willingly, cheerfully. To the New Breed, Stengel is the father image, the anachronism of an era that went out before they were born and who will watch over "their boys" when the going gets tough.

The players, like most of their fans, are young, too, right now. Of course, in 1962, Stengel took charge of a weird collection of hatch-ups, has-beens and win-overmen. There was 40-year-old Gene Woodling (a star for Casey with the Yanks a decade before) and 37-year-old Gil Hodges (one of the heroes of the Dodger team that best Casey's Yankees in 1955). Last year 37-year-old Duke Snider was around.

As he surveyed the scene this past July, there wasn't one player over 35. The whippersnappers have gained the experience, and talented newcomers have given them the facade of a professional hall club, if not the genuine look of one. Ron Hunt, at 23 one of the league's stars, figures to be around for quite a while, as does Charlie Smith, 27, and Ed Kranepool, 19. These three infielders form the nucleus of an inner defense that makes Casey wish he were 10 years younger.

Fitching follows the same pattern with Lary Bearnarth, 22; Bill Wakefield, 23; and Al Jackson, 28, the mainstays. Meanwhile, the farm system—the breeding ground of pennants—has begun to produce promising prospects. Right now the Met brass can't control its adjectives when talking about outfield recruits like Cleon Jones, Ron Swoboda and Bill Hass; and pitchers of the caliber of Jerry Rinsler, Dick Selma, Jay Cardin, Gary Encart and Jerry Davey.

All these bright tomorrows are over the horizon for the idol-worshipping people who suffer from "Metsiana," the state of mind which exists halfway between Stengel and Flushing Meadow. Some observers claim this is responsible for the huge gate of the worst team in baseball.

It manifests itself in strange ways. One day it is the banners of the fans—those old torn sheets, cardboard signs,

the oak tag and the plastic cutouts. On any given day, in the upper stands, a sign will read: "Casey Stengel Stinks." Several feet away one will say: "Casey Stengel for President." The banner-wavers have helped to create an atmosphere in the Polo Grounds and Shea Stadium which explains much of the feeling about the team. Met games are fun. Win or lose, still fun. Yankee fans have fun only when they win.

There was no such thinking two years ago when the Mets were born.

When Rogers Hornsby told me I was being "picked," remembers Richie Ashburn, "I really didn't want to come here. We all knew New Yorkers understood their baseball. They expected a good team. The first day I stepped up there in the Polo Grounds I expected to be booed. It was too late in my career to go through that I thought about quitting."

Instead of quitting, Ashburn invented Marvonus Mary Throneberry. Some of the burden of making fun was taken off the shoulders of Casey Stengel and transferred into the clubhouse. "The only thing I did," said Ashburn, "was give Marv straight lines."

Throneberry and Ashburn became New York's Gallagher and Shean, and losing didn't matter.

"Marv," says Ashburn, "had a lot to do with creating the whole thing. The Mets ought to bring him back to New York for one of their Old Timers' Days, put him in a wheelbarrow and parade him around the field."

The mood of fun and frolic—and a bad team—was created by the first year and continued without change the second year. In this third year, the Polo Grounds and its closeness were gone and Shea Stadium and all its newness and vastness had arrived. The stadium accounted for much of the crowd. The Mets accounted for more.

They were no longer funny. Ashburn was gone. Throneberry was gone. The clubhouse laugh was confined to an occasional line by Rod Kanehl, a witicism from Tracy Stallard, or the intelligent, subtle humor of Bearnarth.

On the field the Mets were also no longer ludicrous. They rarely gave away games with silly plays. They lost them like bad teams lose games, with mistakes, weak hitting, lack of pitching and failure to play well under pressure. They were only bad and not funny, but still the crowds came.

"Remember," says Ashburn, "this town loved the Dodgers and Giants. It has a strong National League following. People come to cheer the Mets but watch Mays and Aaron and Clemente and Koufax."

The Yankees get too well to invite Mays to play centerfield against them some time and see if it helps the gate. It has helped the Mets. The fans come with the hope of seeing the Mets win, but are happy when they get close. The nature of baseball is such that virtually every game is close. There are always reasons why the fans feel they have to be near the Mets.

"I came," said Joel Martin, a Philadelphia market research analyst, "because I wanted to see the stadium and have a good time. No matter what happens with the Mets, you have a good time. If the game is dull you watch the fans."

The kids and the women have taken the Mets to heart, too. "I think the Mets are cute," said teen-ager Shirley Simon

from the Bronx. "They always try to hard against those better teams."

In 1963 the Met fans invaded Yankee Stadium for the Mayor's Trophy Game. Some carried their banners outwardly. They were confiscated at the doors. Others smuggled them in and lost them to ushers near their seats.

Perhaps the strangest thing about all this is the attitude of the Met players. Some appreciate the fans and their antics. Others see no relationship between the actions of the fans and the huge crowds.

At all events the Mets—like a joke that became serious—figure to escalate their fans' emotions to a new pitch before too long. Eventually they might even get into a World Series—without paying.

All right now, banners up! The only way the Mets can go is up, you know. ●

THE TOPLESS SWIMSUIT CRAZE

(Continued from page 24)

Are Bad Enough!" and: "Keep the Tops On!"

In Dallas, demonstrators urged on by the Rev. Ed Wyatt of the Carroll Avenue Baptist Mission carried signs in front of a fashionable ladies store reading: "In the Name of Christ, NO!"

Finally the store management removed from its display window a dummy half-clad in a topless bathing suit. Explained the management: "We sold it."

"We've got a waiting list for the suits at \$25 apiece," a store spokesman said, and another supply of topless suits was rushed in to fill the apparently bottomless demand.

Public reaction to the new swimsuit fashion, inaugurated by designer Rudi Gernreich, was as varied as the charms his suit was uncovering.

Jane Wilkinson, a Hollywood glamour girl who has posed for pictures wearing no swimsuit at all, made an unusual suggestion:

"I think it would be more exciting if the designers came out with a bottomless swimming suit for men—with a top," said Miss Wilkinson (43-30-36). As far as the new women's suit was concerned, she advised most ladies to "forget it."

Mae West was quoted as saying: "If it's no top now, it will be no top next."

One unidentified customer at Splendiferous, a Manhattan high fashion shop, said she was buying the new suit because: "I don't like bikinis. They show the navel."

Gernreich himself, a pleasant-voiced man of 42 who doesn't look the part of a revolutionary, claims he is "a little bored" with all the fuss over his creation.

"The top of a woman's body is a beautiful part of the form," he explained for anybody who hasn't noticed. But then, like the revolutionary he really is, he exclaimed: "The Victorian is on the way out!"

Maybe in high fashion circles. But Victorian-minded police departments throughout the nation warned women: "It may be okay to buy them. But don't try to wear them on a public beach."

The San Francisco Police Department summed up the general constabulary's

reaction: "We don't even allow bikinis in public swimming pools!"

Those maligned English cousins of ours, meanwhile, are going Americans two (count them) better.

Those in the know wonder how Englishmen ever got the reputation of being sexless creatures, anyway. Certainly the Pygmalion scandal and playwright Christine Keeler's story straightened out the record for anybody believing that an Englishman's interest in life is confined to crumpets and cricket.

While Americans were going into a tizzy over bare-breasted department store dummies, and the long arm of the law was reaching for blankets to cover any bold blonde who might dare show up on a public beach in one of Greenwich's swimsuits—in London, topless DRESSES were being sold. And worn in public! Staid old Londontown, the scene of "My Fair Lady," was fast becoming the backdrop to "My Bare Lady."

"It's here and it's happening," gleefully exclaimed Sunday Mirror writer Lionel Crane. "The bare-bosom dress has been displayed, bought and worn in public in London."

The historical-minded London Sunday Times cleared its throat and pointed out that the bare-bosom fashion is more than 3,500 years old. It said that ladies of Crete were flowing dresses which left the breasts entirely bare.

The Times, as always, was right. A similar fashion appeared in 16th Century Venice, and high-bred women habitually exposed one breast delicately made up with rouge. The Tudor English equated an exposed bosom with virginity.

Paris fashion designer, Hubert de Givenchy offered a rather unconvincing observation to the whole modern trend:

"With long-haired boys and short-haired girls, it's getting harder to tell the difference. There has to be some way of telling them apart," said the Frenchman. And, after all, it was a Frenchman who said: "Vive la difference."

Meanwhile, back at the American ranch, the Battle of the Bosom raged on.

Mamie Van Doren, another piece of cheesecake who has exhibited her unfrosted armpits to the camera lens, said of the topless suit: "It's okay around your boy friend or husband or social pals. But for the general public, no thanks."

A passer-by in Dallas—obviously no social pal of Miss Van Doren's—walked up to the Dallas peckers and yelled: "Kiljoys!"

A Minneapolis barber-shop owner employed a 28-year-old model with the haunting name of Penny Jones to act as manicurist—wearing a topless suit. The idea apparently was to give the manicure customer something to concentrate on while Miss Jones wielded scissors and file. But it must have seemed like a short manicure to the lucky customer, because after only an hour, members of the Morals Squad showed up and escorted the fascinating manicurist and the shop's owner, Darold Schapp, to the station.

Both were released without being charged. As far as anyone knows, the manicure customer is still waiting in the shop for Miss Jones to return to give his nails their sixteenth coat of clear polish.

"It's about time the Midwest caught up with the rest of the world," moaned the frustrated owner, Schapp.

Then the inevitable happened. Her name was Toni Lee Shelley. She was 19. A blonde. She happened to be a model.

She happened also to be a dancer at a Chicago "art theater." And she happened to appear on a crowded Chicago beach wearing one of the new topless suits to enjoy a dip in Lake Michigan—and maybe to make a little free publicity.

Toni carefully had telephoned all news media before her spontaneous demonstration, and told newsmen: "I feel that if the suit is on sale and I can buy it, I have a right to wear it."

Skeptical reporters and photographers didn't necessarily follow that bit of feminine logic. But they didn't have to. The duties of their jobs coincided with their male instincts.

They raced to the beach. And sure enough, there Miss Shelley was, frolicking around, clad half in bathing suit and half in birthday suit.

The cops hastily wrapped her in regulation blue blankets, but not until after photos had recorded that moment of history.

"There's nothing indecent about the human body," Miss Shelley argued.

The magistrate apparently was unimpressed.

The magistrate was a woman. She set trial date for July.

Miss Shelley's reaction to such routine treatment: "I hope an all-male jury will hear my case!"

And if Miss Shelley gets her wish, it's a sure bet impartial-minded males will demand to see the evidence.

While the Chicago blonde stands on the threshold of martyrdom for high fashion and personal freedom, cops throughout the nation are bracing for what promises to be the most exciting revolt since style-setters first hit the beaches in their lily-bitty bikinis.

"As far as I'm concerned, a woman who doesn't wear a top is guilty of indecent exposure," gravely intoned New York's Park Commissioner, Newbold Morris.

But the odds are overwhelming that by the time you're reading this, Miss Shelley won't be standing—and maybe shivering—alone. The new suits are controversial, but everyone does agree they are daring. And many women, like Miss Shelley, just can't ignore a dare.

It just may be that soon virtually all female swimmers will be doing the breast stroke regardless of their swimming style.

"CANDY": SIR! BOOK REVIEW

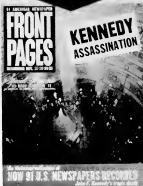
(Continued from page 13)

Maybe it does. But unlike most books of "Candy's" type, this one stays around the house for a second reading. "Candy" isn't actually a sex novel at all. There's plenty of sex around, page after page and in just about any form anybody could think of. But actually the authors have gone us one better. This book is geared to be debated, even though the writers say that wasn't its purpose at all.

"Candy" just might be a peek at sex in its native habitat. But only as parody, and a rather sad one at that.

It could be that Southern and Hollenberg have been playing an enormous practical joke on the American public. But if it is a joke, it has made them and G. P. Putnam Sons very rich people, because to date many, many copies of "Candy" have been sold.

IF YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSDEALER HAS SOLD
OUT OF ...



A limited number of copies of this historical collection of 91 American newspaper front pages recording the tragic events of Nov. 22-23-24-25, 1963 are still available. Send \$1.25, which includes mailing charges, for each copy to:

K-M-R PUBLICATIONS Dept. K
21 WEST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MOVIES

8mm

COLOR

BLACK & WHITE

EXTRA LENGTH

The greatest entertainment movies ever produced for the sophisticated adult male are available now — along with 35mm and 3-D stereo color slides.

For those lacking the necessary equipment to fully enjoy these unequalled motion pictures and color slides, we carry a quality line of photographic accessories for the connoisseur.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
100%

Write for FREE information,
order form, etc. today —

INTERCONTINENTAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
MAIL ORDER DIVISION
P.O. BOX 2149
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA - 90028

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy-ness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works. (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch, How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

©1962 Comate Corporation, 30 West 45 Street, New York 36

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4 or 5 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. M. W., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. B., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—G. W. E., c/o PPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing he did until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. L., Prosser, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. N., Richmond, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can feel it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now, my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Elson, Ga.

"I've used a good many different tonics." But when I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Canada, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. M. W., San Antonio, Tex.

"I really had improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it. I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McClellan, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 910C
30 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or your GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find \$50. (Cash, check, money order) Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$50 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

- For Action, Security, Big Pay -

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO TOP THIS JOB!



Earn To \$15 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required

NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 5 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. Already hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning \$7.50 to \$15.00 an hour in my own business . . . Universal's course is wonderful."

FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP GIVEN

We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you real assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.

WE FINANCE YOU

Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion—less than half—in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs . . . no time out for strikes . . . no oversupply of men . . . no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. Write today!

Mail Now for FREE BOOK

M. O. Wilson, Dept. MS-10
Universal School

4801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas

Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money in the Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation—and no salesman will call upon me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____



